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MAXIMILIAN

Maximilian

A Play in Five Acts by

Edgar Lee Masters

Boston: 1902

Richard G. Badger

The Gorham Press

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PS 3525
A83 M3
1902
MAIN

THE PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

FERDINAND MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH—Archduke of Austria; afterwards Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.

MARSHALL BAZAINE—Head of the army of the intervention.

COLONEL LOPEZ—Governor of the Castle; and Colonel of the empress' guards.

PRINCE SALM-SALM—A friend of Maximilian and in his service.

GENERAL MIRAMON—A clerical; and Grand Marshall under Maximilian.

GENERAL MEJIA—Also in the Imperial service.

ARCHBISHOP LABASTIDA—A clerical—and friend of the French intervention.

GENERAL CASTLENAU—Envoy of Napoleon.

DOCTOR BASCH—Physician to Maximilian.

BENITO PUBLO JUAREZ—President of the Mexican republic.

GENERAL ESCOBEDO—In the service of the republic.

COLONEL GOLLARDO—Also in the service of the republic.

General Salas, Prince Zichy, Marquis de Gallifet, Count Funfkirchen—At the imperial ball.

M542541

MARIE CHARLOTTE AMELIA—Wife of Maximilian, Empress of Mexico.

PRINCESS JOSEFA—Daughter of Augustin I. former emperor of Mexico. Member of the Imperial Household, and friend of the Empress.

PRINCESS SALM-SALM—Wife of the prince and a friend at Court.

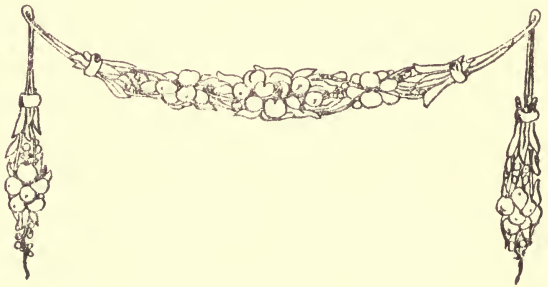
MADAM MARISCALI—Wife of General Mariscali who was shot under the Black Decree.

MLLE DE LA PENA—Afterwards Madam Bazaine.

Senora Salas, Princess Zichy, Countess Funfkirchen—Ladies at the imperial ball.

Spies, lackeys, liberal and imperial soldiers, a French captain, a priest, women, a company (ladies and gentlemen) at the imperial ball, etc.

TIME 1866–67.



Maximilian

ACT ONE

A state room in the palace of Chapultepec, Mexico. Back of the room a hall way divided only from the state room by marble pillars supporting arches. The arches are draped in the French and Mexican flags and at their base banked by plants and flowers. At the rear several pyramids of cannon balls, cannons set on end and trophies of war, such as flags, drums, guns and bayonets. At the left in the state room a gorgeous throne resting upon French cannon and set under a canopy of crimson velvet. The Mexican and French coat of arms are displayed on the expanse above the arcade. Two Liberal soldiers disguised as lackeys are discovered assisting in arranging the decorations. At the rear a number of men walking to and fro also engaged in the work. One of the lackeys takes a bunch of letters and starts to lay it on the table near the throne.

First Lackey—The emperor's mail.

Second Lackey-- You mean his majesty's.

FIRST LACKEY—The etiquette!
SECOND LACKEY— Her majesty is strict.
I know the code of etiquette by heart.
FIRST LACKEY—They'll see to-night how many people blunder.
SECOND LACKEY—If anyone should sneeze within the presence.
FIRST LACKEY—If anyone should cough within the presence.
SECOND LACKEY—If anyone should stir a hand or foot,
Unless the time is opportune to do it.
FIRST LACKEY— No matter if a pin sticks in the head.
SECOND LACKEY—Until the tears run glistening down the cheek.
FIRST LACKEY—Or even if one's wig should get awry.
SECOND LACKEY—No one can laugh or even wink an eye
FIRST LACKEY—Costumes, ye gods, as bright as Joseph's coat!
SECOND LACKEY—Swart faces, glittering eyes, demure expressions.
FIRST LACKEY—The hands that fumble and the feet that trip.
SECOND LACKEY— But what's the mail?
FIRST LACKEY—(*Looking over the letters and putting them on the table.*)
The Austrian emperor!
Napoleon—ah! Could we but open this
(*Looks around at the workmen and servants*)
Some news of benefit to take Juarez!
SECOND LACKEY—Caution!
FIRST LACKEY—Not now. What scrawls the others are!
SECOND LACKEY—Good fellow listen—we must fly this hour.
FIRST LACKEY—Must fly?
SECOND LACKEY— The emperor returns to-night.

Then look at this!

(*Brings forth a large poster upon which are visible the words* Proclamation, Death to Liberals, *and at the bottom* Maximilian.)

First Lackey— (*Lays the letters on the table*)
Heavens! How came you by it?

Second Lackey—Here in the castle; and these many days,
So have I learned since finding it alarmed me,
The country has been blazoned with this horror!

First Lackey—Watch while I read:
"The Mexican republic
Has ceased to be. Juarez is no more.
All honest men have rallied to the empire.
Brigands alone resist the emperor.
All persons even adjudged to be but members
Of any armed band shall suffer death
In four and twenty hours. Ah—!

Second Lackey— Heard you no one?

First Lackey— (*Listening and then pointing to the servants.*)
Only those there.

Second Lackey— Come on.

First Lackey— I do not fear
But at the most we'll die revenged. My country
For centuries the foot-mat of the Spaniard,
These many years the prey of revolution.
Torn by the talons of the northern eagle,
Erring and struggling for self-government—
Then like two wrestlers bent upon their strife
And taken unaware amidst their toil
Anon comes France and straps upon our backs
A throne for Austria's prince to sit upon.

Second Lackey— (*With scorn*)
"Brigands alone resist the emperor."

First Lackey—In truth, you see, the logic is resistless
The gluttonous eye of empire spied our country,

The brandished sword of France put us to rout,
And pricked this Maximilian in the coat-tails
To carry him to an imperial throne.
Of course, I say, all men are thieves and cut-throats
Who have withstood the will of God.
SECOND LACKEY— You rave!
FIRST LACKEY—Meantime if we are captured with this paper
We will be food for vultures!
Do you see
Even our president is marked for death.
SECOND LACKEY—What's death? For I have muttered o'er the word
Until its meaning has been sapped. Go live
For forty years and fight for principle,
And fall into that soldier quietism
Which those who fought, alone can learn to know—
Experience ties the tongue.
FIRST LACKEY— We shall be free!
SECOND LACKEY—Be calm. Come on. Let's reach the president.
He must be notified of all we know.
After we leave the city we are safe
Here only is the snake of empire coiled
Petted and fed by Miramon and priest-craft.
FIRST LACKEY—Some one approaches from the hall.
SECOND LACKEY (*Pointing to a room near the throne.*)—
Through there!
FIRST LACKEY—How can we leave?
SECOND LACKEY— Our horses wait.
FIRST LACKEY— 'Tis planned?
SECOND LACKEY—Relays have been arranged at twenty miles.
FIRST LACKEY—This must be left, not carried on our persons.

SECOND LACKEY—Then tuck it 'neath the cushions of
the throne
And also this (*Handing him a paper*)
Although you overlook
Our very flight betrays us who we are
Be quick and come.
(*The second lackey places both papers under the cushion.*)
FIRST LACKEY—They're at the entrance now.
(*Exeunt.*)
(Enter *Bazaine and Lopez.*)
BAZAINE—And so his majesty returns to-night.
LOPEZ—Who was it went out there?
BAZAINE— You seem alarmed.
LOPEZ—Were they not lackeys?
BAZAINE— Well, if they were lackeys?
LOPEZ—They are forbidden to pass out that way.
BAZAINE—You are a zealous governor of the castle.
They say you keep an eager supervision
Over the smallest details of the court;
Bumping the heads of butlers, stewards, maids,
And doling out the perquisites of wine
To faithful ones; enforcing etiquette;
And all the while keeping the empress's guards
Fit for the show of the imperial city.
So adding medals to your coat of honor—
Which can be changed to suit the change of power.
LOPEZ—Your excellency jests. (*He goes to the door.*)
This way they went.
BAZAINE— (*Going up to the table.*)
I fain would read them. (*Handles the letters.*)
Get behind me, Satan.
My master's letter—no, I can resist it.
And Joseph's too, I hate the German script.
Petitions, heavens! insupportable!—
Ah! here is one writ in an awkward scrawl.
(*He places it back, walks away.*)

LOPEZ, (*Observing him*)—I'm thunderstruck.
BAZAINE— Bring me that letter Lopez.
LOPEZ—Your pardon excellency.
BAZAINE— It is my master
Likewise the master of your master Lopez
Who thus commands you.
LOPEZ— You must pardon me.
BAZAINE—'Tis I who made you governor of the castle
And Colonel of the empress's guards. In truth
'Twas not the least deception that I played
When I protested to the emperor
"Your majesty" I bow " 'twas not this Lopez
Who turned a traitorous back on Santa Anna"
And this despite your enemies.
LOPEZ (*With emotion.*)— I thank you—
The emperor knows of me?
BAZAINE— But disbelieves it,
Through my assurances. Bring me the letter.
If I should bow to-night before this throne
And say: "Your majesty, I crave your pardon,
I was in error." Will you bring the letter?
"My service makes the truth imperative
I have learned different of this Colonel Lopez"
I'd like to see that letter if you please—
"Of course your majesty 'tis my belief
'Tis hard to trust one who betrays a cause.
And so, though I regret it, Colonel Lopez
Should not control the castle, nor command
The guards; but should be given common service
Where time may test his virtues." Yes the letter.
(*Lopez brings it to him.*)
I thank you Lopez—
LOPEZ— And I wash my hands.
(*Bazaine tears it open and reads it, then laughs and hands it to Lopez*).

LOPEZ—(*Reads*) "Beware Bazaine, beware the treacherous Lopez."
BAZAINE—How fortunate! two pigeons killed at once.
Sweet messages hauled from the mid-most heaven—
To hell with him who wrote it. Hugh, 'tis little
That I am moved for what it says of me:
He trusts me or he falls; or falls and trusts me.
The end is near whoever stands or flys.
Now put it back.
LOPEZ— Unsealed?
BAZAINE— I'll fasten it.
(*He does so.*)
LOPEZ— My master will know all—
BAZAINE— Oh childish mind—
The empire needs you for your face and figure.
When even General Mendez told your master
Touching your history—in which republic?
And I o'ercame him. Why then blanch for this
From some vile gossip who conceals his name?
Who has not changed, or here in Mexico
Been renegade to some one? Even he,
Old Santa Anna whose uplifting cause
Ceased once to interest you—to put it mildly,
Before your day had kicked Iturbide,
Who had kicked whom? The line fades in the distance.
And think Iturbide's child, this same Josefa,
Who's made a member of the royal household
And languishes in sunshine—hates the name
Of Santa Anna and your own must love
By that same spirit of hate. I saw this letter
And smelt its Spanish malice by the scrawl—
Go put it back.
(*Lopez places it on the table and in doing so discovers the papers which stick from the cushion on the throne chair.*)

LOPEZ— What's this?
(*He unfolds it.*)
BAZAINE— The black decree!
LOPEZ—(*Unfolds the other.*) Juarez's proclamation.
Let none say
Some enemy has not been in the castle.
I know it now. And through that door they went.
(*Bazaine takes it and reads.*)
BAZAINE—"Our cause is righteous. Courage countrymen
The prize of liberty is dearly bought.
Hold up the nobler ideals of the soul,
Be true, be brave. The right must win at last."
The rebel president—I like that man
And he will win.
LOPEZ— What shall we do—For look
The proclamations of the throne are treated
Like bills of auction.
BAZAINE— Well, the throne was up,
And struck off to the highest bidder Lopez;
And if the promised payments are not made
It may be sold again.
LOPEZ— But think the insult,
To tuck and fold the proclamations thus,
As if the emperor and the rebel chief
Were rudely bundled so and put away.
Let's catch the guilty devil.
BAZAINE— Go ahead
'Twould be a feather in your cap to do it.
But as for me upon whose shoulders rest
The weight of empire, I take extra duty
In humoring the emperor to believe
He is the very soul of Charles the Fifth.
But let me tell you trifles to consider.
Quarrels rage apace between the allied troops;
The treasury of the empire is a void.

The northern eagle screams and flaps his wings
Whereat my master knits his brows and thinks.
Meanwhile the emperor dreams of wondrous navies,
Plans boulevards, and drives, and parks and fountains,
Builds hospitals and churches; helps the poor,
Dips in the sciences and poetry,
Gives audience to reports on agriculture,
And stalks enwrapped like Kant of Heidelberg—
While old Juarez musters freedom's army
Bastioned behind the mountains to the north.
And now this black decree—'tis well enough—
But Bonaparte himself should execute it.
'Tis like a brand held by a nerveless arm
'Twill fall and burn the bearer. Mind the word.
LOPEZ—What could be done?
BAZAINE— I did not contravene it;
For he has fenced with shadows from the first,
Nettled to madness by these unseen foes.
Yet once translate that paper into action—
And every man will stand aghast. Besides
It should be backed by an unconquered sword
To cut to death that spirit of keen hate
Which will arise to haunt the policy.
The policy? The studied inquisition
Which takes the soldiers of a worthy foe
And brands them felons, and because they're branded
Gives them a felon's death. He is too weak.
LOPEZ—I cannot understand your policy.
BAZAINE—Whence came this empire? From Napoleon's brain.
It sprang not from reaction, that you know.
What keeps it standing now? Napoleon's army
And not a peoples' will, why else the army?
Who else supports the throne, yourself, of course,
Estrada, Miramon, and Labastida
Who hope to profit through the holy church.

Now take the army out, where is the empire?
Estrange the clericals, what have you left?
A bit of colored glass shifts in the tube
And what a different picture in time's mirror!
LOPEZ—What words you speak!
BAZAINE— Drink milk and play with boys!
When lands are confiscate by strength of arms
The only principle is one of force.
So now's the time for you to shed away
The ultra spirit of unbending virtue
Which your conversion to the imperial cause
Has cast on you; as if to quite prevent
The least reversion to apostacy.
Along the way of prosperous circumstance
Glean what you can, and if the palace falls
Be ready to pick up the precious relics.
Control your tongue and see the game played out
And if you need me, come; while I am here
I can be seen behind the curtained throne
Doing hypnotic gestures. But again
Whate'er you say of me will come to me—
Not that I care, but that no one deceives me.
And now to-night, whatever time may bring
Our little Hoffahig will be enacted.
And sir, how like you this?
LOPEZ— 'Tis gorgeous, excellency.
BAZAINE—Yes, and it took a mint of coin to do it.
But nothing dazzles vulgar sight so much
As clouds of gold dust. Is the throne in taste?
LOPEZ—A miracle of beauty.
BAZAINE— How expressive
Are the French cannon which it rests upon.
With these did General Forey at Puebla
Sweep down the Liberal army. And the flag—
LOPEZ—Of the republic!
BAZAINE— Brought from Vera Cruz.

First lowered when the imperial flag of France
Flew gallantly; and next it there I placed
The standard which was raised above the palace
In honor of their majesties' arrival.
Above the arcade, France and Mexico
Convey their friendship by their coat of arms.
And on those bayonets the ballot-box
Well signifies the plebiscite which brought
The emperor Maximilian here to rule.
LOPEZ—The ballot box?
BAZAINE— There sir—
LOPEZ— I do not see it.
BAZAINE—It is as palpable and plain to view
As on the day the plebiscite was taken.
LOPEZ—Which is not palpable and plain at all.
BAZAINE—We did deceive poor Ferdinand in that!
Let fancy picture some things not expressed.
I've tried to tell the story by arrangement;
But faith what could portray the bitter tears
Which Europe shed o'er barbarous Mexico?
Methinks I see old Jecker now, poor fellow,
Weeping because the bonds of Mexico
Had gone to protest. Then the Mexicans
Got powder, for they gauged such sympathy.
Or what could symbolize old Forey's blunder
Who followed out Napoleon's veiled instructions,
Who spoke in diplomatic language thus:
"We come to give you liberty and order
And not to dictate forms of government."
LOPEZ—And then you came.
BAZAINE— Through me the glove was shed,
When Spain and England slunk away out-witted.
Until the troops of France possessed this city.
The tale is written all around you sir.
LOPEZ—I know it.
BAZAINE— And the finis is, the throne.

'Twill thrill the dancers; for this theme will mix
With music and the romance of the heart
To charm the atmosphere like summer's breath.
LOPEZ—Poet and orator!
BAZAINE— You flatter me.
The blunt of speech are never orators.
So do I say I picked you from the crowd
To be a sort of comrade. Now begin
To understand me. I have read your mind.
You think at times my friendship might be questioned
For Maximilian. You mistake me Lopez.
LOPEZ—I never thought it.
BAZAINE— Don't deceive yourself.
But hear the water ooze beneath the quag-mire—
The undercurrents sweeping from the sea
Set the loose island swinging up and down—
Then falls the castle!
LOPEZ —God, you startle me!
BAZAINE—What is a life of war and politics?
It is the school that brings the heart good humor
After it learns that all men lie and plunder.
Yes, by my sword that even government
Cements these stones with blood and gold together.
'Tis I, a monocrat, that tell you this,
Just as I feel the warm, fraternal blood
Spread with a glow of friendship o'er my face.
A monocrat! For monarchy's the best
It is no hypocrite like all republics:—
They are a lie within a lie; at last
The shell of falsehood bursts and falls away
And lo an empire spreads its brilliant wings.
For lust of money, man's unconquered lust
In any clime and under any law
Will build a favored class. Ye common tribe
To work, to work, support the king and priest!
They love to do it.—Let them be indulged.

Hence is it, sir, I'm loyal to myself.
LOPEZ—And you have been most kind and true to me.
BAZAINE—It cost me nothing.
LOPEZ— Well, the spies have flown.
BAZAINE—No matter, they learned nothing of importance
But news has come of serious import Lopez,
Have you not heard?
LOPEZ— Not I.
BAZAINE— You will not tell—
Not even the emperor?
LOPEZ— Should he not know?
BAZAINE—Let the poor prince have rest to-night, at least.
LOPEZ—I promise. (*Shouts outside "Long live the emperor"*)
BAZAINE— There's the emperor.
LOPEZ— And then
Her majesty will come; not now or here
Should we meet her.
BAZAINE— We'll make the castle's rounds
(*They start*)
She's coming through the hall—My heart bounds up!
A lily planted on a noisome hill
Is not so spotless, no, nor out of place
As in this Mexico is fair Carlotta
Child of the Holy Queen.
LOPEZ— (*The shouts are again heard*)
That's loyalty.
(*Bazaine and Lopez go out*)
(*Enter Carlotta who goes to the window at the back*)
CARLOTTA—Ah is it not worth the Austrian succession
To rule this empire? Yes, a thousand times!
The carriage stops. I see him. He's alighted.
Is there not condescension in his bow?
And all the awe-struck mob is falling back!
He comes; they kneel; they doff their hats
(*Shouts*) They shout.

'Tis Maximilian, emperor of Mexico.
We are the source of glory and of power,
And for the future—
(*Enter Maximilian who takes Carlotta in his arms*)
MAXIMILIAN—Let us seize the present.
CARLOTTA—My prince!
(*Holds her at arms' length and looks at her*)
MAXIMILIAN—Well, pretty regent, how's the empire?
CARLOTTA—Improving sir.
MAXIMILIAN— No cabinet dissolved?
CARLOTTA—I wish it had. (*They sit*)
MAXIMILIAN— They cultivate one's patience.
What news?
CARLOTTA— Priest?
MAXIMILIAN— Yes?
CARLOTTA— Priest.
MAXIMILIAN—Yes that's two.
CARLOTTA— And priest.
I have had priest for breakfast, lunch and dinner.
MAXIMILIAN—The church's lands shall never be restored.
CARLOTTA—Did you not promise?
MAXIMILIAN— No! At Miramar
The evening that preceded my acceptance
Of empire, I was waited on by three
Estrada, Labastida, Miramon.
CARLOTTA—These are the three who won Napoleon's ear
In your behalf.
MAXIMILIAN— They claim it. Then I said
I should do justice.
CARLOTTA— Which meant restoration.
MAXIMILIAN—To them perhaps; to me it meant no mortmain.
CARLOTTA—There was a deference in your doubtful words.
MAXIMILIAN—The words of the King are dark!
CARLOTTA— But I must tell you

This Miramon is here.
MAXIMILIAN— I am surprised!
CARLOTTA—Prince Salm returned from Washington last week
Denied an audience.
MAXIMILIAN— I thought as much.
CARLOTTA—Your books have come.
MAXIMILIAN—That's good. You looked them over?
CARLOTTA—I did.
MAXIMILIAN— What's there?
CARLOTTA— Your naval books and charts
The classics, Aristotle and the rest,
Old snuffy Kant; your books of economics
And Göethe—
MAXIMILIAN— Ah, we'll have some reading now.
But how's the treasury?
CARLOTTA— There's not a dollar.
I've heard of finance till my head was aching.
MAXIMILIAN—But Vera Cruz and Tampico are ours—
My soldiers seized them.
CARLOTTA— Yes the recent quarter
During your absence brought two million dollars.
But the expenses—parks and boulevards—
MAXIMILIAN—Yes, and the army. Still the navy lags—
'Tis near my heart. If I could rival England.—
CARLOTTA—Your proclamation has been published, dear—
I halted—but obeyed.
MAXIMILIAN— They all advised it.
My cabinet, Bazaine, Prince Salm as well—
Who can be wholly wise? I trust in God.
For as my power is given of God, its use
Is moulded to the will of Providence.
So do I thrill to feel myself the source
Of God-like will and o'er this land of ours
First in its firmament to shed the rays

Of light and hope and by such glory nurse
The strength and beauty of a struggling race.
For once within the palace of Caserta
I stood upon its monumental stairway,
Amidst those pillars of resplendent marble.
And thought could Charles the Fifth adorn its head
Who would not bow before that wondrous power.
So have I felt, fancying the surging crowd
About me, and with gracious condescension
Permitting them, and with a lofty bow
Warming and cheering such poor hearts beneath me.
CARLOTTA—How eloquent you are!
MAXIMILIAN— Yes, I'd believe
The people love the empire. Some there be—
Rebellious souls kept in the path of hate
By traitorous leaders. I'll be firm at last.
Some clericals as well who seek their own.
CARLOTTA—I fear them both.
MAXIMILIAN— The black decree will work.
Enough! I see the ball is held to-night.
The French support is quite in evidence
The trophies of Bazaine.
CARLOTTA— I like him not.
The shrewd old bear forever hunting honey.
MAXIMILIAN—And never stung.
CARLOTTA— Although the natives hate him.
He is not friendly to us Ferdinand
But still the tranquil empire owes him much.
MAXIMILIAN—He must be won. Who sent the invitations?
CARLOTTA—I made Prince Salm grandmaster of the ball
To imitate your brother's court.
MAXIMILIAN— That's well—
And whom did you invite?
CARLOTTA— Well, be assured
I had no list to use whose ancestors

Were noble in eight pairs of either line.
MAXIMILIAN—Quite true of course. But if in Austria
One mesalliance breaks the noble chain
There would not be a link in Mexico.
I fear we must conceal our smiles tonight.
CARLOTTA—I burn to think of what may happen here.
'Tis hard to teach them royal etiquette.
MAXIMILIAN—Where is my mail?
CARLOTTA— Why, there upon the table!
MAXIMILIAN—(*Begins to open letter.*) My brother writes—
CARLOTTA— Equivocally, I judge—
MAXIMILIAN—Quite otherwise. He says his diplomats
Construe my waiver of the Austrian throne
As binding—
CARLOTTA—Yes? Ah! Ferdinand that pains me.
At Miramar your brother was too eager
That you should come to Mexico. Just think
Whatever falls to us we are shut out
Forever from the land we love so well.
MAXIMILIAN—'Tis solacing to him.
CARLOTTA— Oh vile ambition!
MAXIMILIAN—(*Opening another letter.*) Napoleon writes at length—
CARLOTTA— To hide his thoughts.
MAXIMILIAN—They're plain enough at last.
CARLOTTA— Concerning money?
MAXIMILIAN—How could you fail to guess? He wants a lien
Upon Sonora's mine. He wants assurance
That fresh advances will be promptly met
He soon will send another financier
To give the empire counsel.
CARLOTTA— So do we
Besmirch our pride by being thus dependent.
MAXIMILIAN—The United States is growing insolent.

CARLOTTA—Does he say "growing"? Well the tense is wrong.
MAXIMILIAN—And still demands the troops of France withdrawn
Which must be done—
CARLOTTA—(*With agitation.*) So bold and faithless sir?
What should we do? What troops would stay the throne?
Where could we go? Our door at home is closed?
Do you not see?
MAXIMILIAN He gives the reason here
Because the imperial scheme in Mexico
Preponderates in danger and in loss—
CARLOTTA—Because he is afraid. Because he flies
And drops the standard of imperial rule
When low republicans assault its banner.
Yes, even he will break his word to keep
The troops six years until the throne is firm.
MAXIMILIAN—But if we will divide the revenues
Of Tampico and Vera Cruz in order
To make secure the heavy loans of France,
He will stand firm as long as possible—
CARLOTTA—How long is that? Suppose we give him all
And the United States demands these troops
Withdrawn to France. Their civil war is over.
What will he do? He fears that vulgar power?
My prince, this is the swollen artery
Whose bursting any time will stop the heart.
MAXIMILIAN—Ah well (*Tosses the letter aside.*) To-morrow will be soon enough for this.
CARLOTTA—Whom can we trust?
MAXIMILIAN—(*Reading another letter.*) A clerical petition.
CARLOTTA—I hardly think you meant to answer so.
MAXIMILIAN—Persistent priests—I'll give it due attention.
(*He tears it up. Reads another.*)
'Beware Bazaine, beware the treacherous Lopez"

Who opened this? That matter must be looked to.
What means this letter? I have had a dozen.
Beware Bazaine—what has he done but serve me?
Beware the treacherous Lopez! But I like him.
What little passions rage about my head—
I am fatigued.
CARLOTTA— . Dear Prince forsake the letters.
Do you not think the rooms are beautiful?
MAXIMILIAN—Some of our borrowed money went for this.
CARLOTTA—You like the throne.
MAXIMILIAN— But not the props beneath it.
I hate to see it rest upon French cannon.
CARLOTTA—Let us be happy for to-night at least—
As if we were again at Miramar—
How oft we walked by moonlight on the beach
MAXIMILIAN—Not knowing we were happy! For ambition
That held the crown before my eager eyes
Maimed every moment with its hidden sting.
But God's work must be done. And I will do it—
Yes when the voice said stretch your hand and take it
I put it forth and lo the crown was mine.
I am a soldier—
CARLOTTA— And a lover yet.
MAXIMILIAN—An emperor too by God's wise providence—
Even if strong ambition brought us here,
We were predestined. Though I will the act
It was not I who did create the will.
Therefore this work before me must be done.

(*He rings*)

Carlotta I would talk alone with Salm.
Retire sweet girl; besides the dancing hour
Draws on apace.

(Enter *Lackey*)

Go bring his highness here.

(Exit *Lackey*)

CARLOTTA— Conduct me through the hall.
(*As they go out Bazaine and Lopez re-enter.*)
LOPEZ—I'm cold with fear.
BAZAINE— Oh pooh, when the worst has come
'Tis not so bad as that—
LOPEZ— But what's the end?
BAZAINE—Don't know. Your only business, as I said,
Is to be still; and then as I commanded
Distribute troops enough to keep the peace.
Let no bells ring, I hate the horrid custom.
Leave the poor emperor to one night of joy.
LOPEZ—Of joy?
BAZAINE—I said it.
LOPEZ— Glance across your shoulder.
(Enter *Archbishop Labastida and Prince Salm-Salm.*)
BAZAINE—The archbishop! the prince—the church's lands,
God if I had to hear that piteous wail!
Let's be polite
(*To them*)
Your reverence! Your highness!
LABASTIDA—The army! excellency—
BAZAINE— We were but going.
Business constrains us.
LABASTIDA— You have heard the news?
(*Salm and Lopez converse aside.*)
BAZAINE—The United States--
LABASTIDA— I hate them excellency—
Their foul hypocrisy caught from the British
Is more than skin deep now. 'Tis in the flesh.
For mark me now, their civil war was waged
In an imperial cause, I speak with candor.
All power has moved to Washington, but how?
By giving to its flow a moral impulse
Such as the cry for negro liberty.
We call such central power imperial

There 'tis democracy that helps the weak.—(*He laughs sneeringly.*)
BAZAINE—I grasp your hand. And not content to dictate
Their form of government, they deny these people
The right to have an empire if they like—
I hate them for their arrogance and lying—
LABASTIDA—I hate them for their cool, contemptuous ways,
Their bold sophistications to the face.
BAZAINE (*Aside.*)—A word with you! Make haste to get your lands.
(*Enter the lackey and goes up to Salm.*)
LABASTIDA—You never said so yet! I am surprised.
LACKEY (*To Salm*)—His majesty would see your highness here—
Lopez—Your excellency—
BAZAINE— We'll meet to-night I hope
Till then adieu.
SALM and LABASTIDA—Adieu.
(*Bazaine and Lopez go out. Lackeys enter and light the candles.*)
LABASTIDA— Now will you help me?
The treasury is empty, I will fill it.
The army may fall off, I will recruit it—
All that I ask is for the church's own.
If empire merely leaves us where we were
Despoiled and robbed; then give us the republic.
SALM—Your reverence.
LABASTIDA— I mean it. Can't you see
The empire's peril? Months and years were wasted
In doing what? I know not. Here we are:—
There's not a clerical strong at the court,
Almonte has been shrewdly sent away,
Estrada loiters in a foreign office,
And Miramon until a month ago
Grieved for this wrong in far away Berlin.

Bazaine has smitten me with heavy hand—
Commanded silence. And his majesty
Denied an exequatur to all bulls
Touching this thing. Is it desired I wonder
To break with Rome?
SALM— Not that.
LABASTIDA— What is the matter?
Because the exiled clericals at Paris
Won to their cause the emperor of the French;
Because Napoleon won, built yonder throne—
The church demands this sequence of its labors—
Or else—
SALM— Or else?
LABASTIDA— 'Twill wield its ancient power.
(Enter *Maximilian.*)
SALM—His majesty!
MAXIMILIAN— What conference is this?
(*They bow to Maximilian.*)
What is the ancient power the church will wield?
LABASTIDA—Your majesty needs but one friend.
MAXIMILIAN— What friend?
LABASTIDA—Foes of the throne cannot be turned to foes—
Friends of the throne may join the enemy—
Only the Liberals will protest the act.
MAXIMILIAN—Your reverence errs to be reactionary—
We would be left alone—
(*Labastida and Prince Salm start to leave.*)
MAXIMILIAN— Stay Prince!
LABASTIDA— Your majesty (*Labastida goes out*)
MAXIMILIAN—(*Grasping Salm's hand*)
Old school-fellow—what did he say?
SALM— Complaints!
The church's lands; the work that he has done,
The clericals, Napoleon's heed of them;
The consequences if the church is scorned.

MAXIMILIAN—What do you think? I trust you to the full.
SALM—Like every policy it has two sides,
Justice, expediency—
MAXIMILIAN— I'll do justice
And leave the rest to God. Forestall events
Nor make it necessary in the course of things
To raise another Richelieu to cow
The despotism of a wide mortmain.
This infant empire can be reared aright
Thus saving to our children tears and blood!
SALM—Your majesty I would all men could know you
As I have known you, as I know you now.
MAXIMILIAN—To you I'm Maximilian—tell me prince
Why with this grave and saddened face you come—
What happened?
SALM— 'Tis ill news.
MAXIMILIAN— For this I called you.
SALM—Then you have heard?
MAXIMILIAN— Only you were rejected.
SALM—Of that? Why yes, they do not recognize
The empire is, therefore would not receive me.
MAXIMILIAN—I'm fearful Salm!
SALM— Alas! they hate us all—
Holding this scheme of empire in abhorrence—
MAXIMILIAN—Inscrutable, the fruit of ignorance.
SALM—Perhaps—but then I know America—
For as the death of Caesar fired the soul
Of tyranny which lurked for the occasion.
So liberty did lave her quickened hands
In Lincoln's blood, and vowed with sternest will
To free mankind—and while your majesty
Wears the imperial crown, though following
The people's will like Thomas Jefferson—
America will look above our heads
And know us not. Albeit I like that land

For toward myself they showed profound respect.
MAXIMILIAN—God help me!
SALM—(*Aside*) If they had remained but neutral!
MAXIMILIAN—So failing you returned. I'm very glad
To look into your honest eyes again.
And hear this message, fateful though it be.
I've had a weary journey through the country;
These people smile and hate you while they smile.
And if the states o'erstep the bounds of nations
And meddle with the throne of Mexico
Then if Napoleon takes the troops away—
So yielding to America's coercion
Aye, there's a problem fit for Charles the Fifth.
(*Music is heard*)
SALM—(*Aside*) He does not know the worst.
MAXIMILIAN— I'm sad at times
I am to-night.
SALM—(*Aside*) The cabinet may tell him
MAXIMILIAN—And then the church distracts me night and day
Have you seen Miramon?
SALM— He seems disgusted—
Has come to give his labors to the church.
(*The music continues*)
MAXIMILIAN—Oh!
SALM— He loathed his mission at Berlin and thinks
It was a scheme to put him out of way.
MAXIMILIAN—Let me forget the cares of state to-night
The music has struck up. We'll talk again.
Old friend—
(*He grasps Salm's hand, drops it and walks away*)
Be joyous for to-night.
(Exit)
SALM— Alas!
I'm yours till death!
(Enter *Lopez*)

LOPEZ— This way they'll come.
SALM—How apropos. You've placed the troops no doubt.
LOPEZ—Whoever rings a bell will die the death.
But did you tell the emperor?
SALM— Why no—
'Twas on my tongue; but then he was so grieved
That I had failed at Washington; to tell him—
The United States not only look upon him
As Maximilian, prince, who claims to be
An emperor, chief of a faction, leader
In a mere siege of arms of monarchies—
For thus they speak, but also have in truth
Accredited ~~to the rebel chief Juarez~~
A minister—I lacked the heart to do it.
And then again to break upon his peace
And say also that with this minister,
A hint of mountain size that Sherman comes—
And follow up that Tampico has fallen
Into the Liberal hand and Metamoras—
LOPEZ—Why this is news to me!
SALM— Like booming cannon
One shock succeeds another.
LOPEZ— I am glad
You kept these horrors from the emperor—
He's ill; and shrinks before the heavy clouds
SALM—I'm part of the quadrille and must be going—
Yet have you seen a woman seeking you—
She mingles with the company and asks
For you; approached me, but I scarce believe
She can have proper business.
LOPEZ— That is strange—
(*Sound of voices talking and laughing*)
SALM—I join her highness.
(Exit)

LOPEZ— Now to fight Juarez—
Until he falls.
(Enter *Madam Mariscali*)
(*With surprise*)
Why Madam Mariscali!
MADAM MARISCALI, (*Coolly*)—Yes, Miguel.
LOPEZ— You are audacious—
MADAM MARISCALI— Yes?
I've waited for this opportunity long.
You're my protector.
LOPEZ— And you dared to come here—
Talk quietly—you must from here at once—
MADAM MARISCALI—I'm not invited to the ball I know—
And shall not stay
LOPEZ— But then the guests are here
They enter soon;
MADAM MARISCALI— In truth, but 'mong so many
No one would pick me out, so the occasion
Co-operates with me to see you now
While now I need you.
LOPEZ— Go away I pray you.
MADAM MARISCALI—I look to you.
LOPEZ— But even now his highness
Mentioned to me a woman sought for me
'Tis you—how bold—how careless of my fame—
MADAM MARISCALI—How could I find you else?
LOPEZ— Oh witch.
MADAM MARISCALI— I care not.
LOPEZ—You will be seen, they know you here—away—
To-morrow at some place I'll keep the hour—
No never, you're a spy—
MADAM MARISCALI— You must assist me.
LOPEZ—If you have ever thought of me as friend
Or listened to my words of love—depart.
MADAM MARISCALI—You break your oath!

LOPEZ— I never took an oath
To play the spy.
MADAM MARISCALI— You loved me once.
LOPEZ— I loved you—
But you must leave—'Tis past all argument
Just think your husband wars against this throne
Nay, is a general in the Liberal army,
And you are here—away—or I must seize you.
MADAM MARISCALI—Then do so. I would stay. I must be heard
For know, old friend, my husband has been captured
And by the black decree must suffer death.
LOPEZ—Ah Julia!
MADAM MARISCALI—Miguel, intercede for me,
Beg of the emperor an amnesty.
It was our parting oath to help each other.
LOPEZ—You speak the truth?
MADAM MARISCALI— You doubt me? God be witness.
All that I ask is that you'll storm his heart.
Merciful heavens shall the General die?
LOPEZ—Be calm.
MADAM MARISCALI—Is it not granted?
LOPEZ— Come to-morrow
But let me think! I'll send a messenger
Fixing the hour and place—Oh Julia go—
MADAM MARISCALI—Oh Miguel!
LOPEZ— Make haste.
MADAM MARISCALI— I thank you.
(Exit)
LOPEZ— Just
In time—my brow is beaded.
(Enter *Miramon*)
MIRAMON— What's her name?
That face I know!
LOPEZ— Indeed!
MIRAMON— But where I know not.

Why do you still sustain these old flirtations?
She will be prompt upon the very minute!
LOPEZ—'Tis only the passe who keep appointments.
(*Aside*) I'm saved;
(*The voices grow louder*)
(*Aloud*) They enter.
(*A numerous company enters.*)
MIRAMON— Shall I stay—or go
And enter with the strangers?
LOPEZ— For the present
I'm glad you're with me. Listen!
(*To the company*) Range yourselves,
There must be space to dance. And don't forget
The points of etiquette.
(*He arranges them*)
A VOICE— Do we salute them?
LOPEZ—Whom?
THE VOICE— Long live their majesties!
LOPEZ— Don't speak a word.
Be quiet there—
ANOTHER VOICE—Or do we kneel?
LOPEZ— Have you forgotten?
Stand to this side. When the quadrille is finished
After the noble guests have passed the throne
Then you will follow where they walked before you;
But do not as they do. Remember that!
You may but kiss their majesties on the hand—
Don't blunder!

(*Smiles light their faces and whispers run through the crowd. The music becomes louder.*)

Now! be ready—there they come.

(Enter *Maximilian and Carlotta. After them Prince and Princess Zichy, Prince and Princess Salm-Salm, Count and Countess Funfkirchen, Marquis de Gallifet and Princess Josefa, Senor and Senora Salas,*

Archbishop Labastida, Marshal Bazaine, General and Madam Miramon and a cortege of brilliantly dressed people. Maximilian and Carlotta together with Prince and Princess Zichy, Count and Countess Funfkirchen and Prince and Princess Salm-Salm dance the quadrille a'honneur. After which Marshal Bazaine escorts the emperor and empress to the throne where they stand at the foot of the steps to receive the company; the Prince and Princess Zichy leading. The empress kisses her cheek and that of Countess Funfkirchen, Princess Salm-Salm and Princess Josefa. The rest are permitted to kiss her hand only. Senora Salas in an impulsive moment gives the empress the Mexican abrazio, whereupon the empress starts back with a look of pained indignation; while Senora Salas puts her hands to her eyes to suppress the tears.)

CARLOTTA—In Spain it would be death to touch me so!

SENORA SALAS—(*Kneeling*)
Your majesty, I humbly pray your pardon.

BAZAINE—(*To Senor Salas*)
You are her husband. Please escort her hence.

(*She is escorted away by her husband*)

CARLOTTA—(*To Bazaine*)
I will not see the others.

A LADY—(*Aside to another*)
But I think
She might have overlooked it.

ANOTHER—(*Aside*)
How impulsive!

ANOTHER—(*Aside*)
That is not royal etiquette.

ANOTHER—(*Aside*)
But then
Her majesty is alien to our customs.
ANOTHER—Just think! before the eyes of everyone—
ANOTHER—Her dress accorded with the fearful blunder—
ANOTHER—In Austria they say 'tis very hard
To see the empress—
ANOTHER— And, of course, she'll weep.
ANOTHER—Who'll want to waltz against her ruddy nose—
BAZAINE—(*To Lopez*)
Scatter your people through the dancing rooms—
You understand—her majesty refuses.
A GENTLEMAN—The punch is excellent they say.
MAXIMILIAN—(*To Bazaine*)
One moment—
(*To the company*)
Friends of the throne, 'tis fit you dance to-night.
As it was said, the empire means but peace.
You who are sick of war and revolution
Welcome the equal justice of the throne.
That was my oath at Miramar, and if
I shall uphold the flag of independence
Conserve the territory and the honor
Of Mexico, the deed will pay the doer—
For every day now sees the sun of truth
Mount higher in the firmament of empire—
The Mexican republic has collapsed.
Mine is the task to hold the sword and sceptre
Till every tongue shall voice its loyalty.
My heart and hopes are all with Mexico
And the red current of my life that leaps
In joyous rapture for our happy future
Is Mexican to the last ruddy drop—
Share with the throne these feelings and accept

Our hope that naught may mar the evening's bliss!

(*They move through the rooms. Meanwhile Miramon, Mejia and Labastida approach Maximilian. Princess Josefa, Princess Zichy and Countess Funfkirchen stand near Carlotta. Bazaine and Prince and Princess Salm-Salm stand together near the center. Music.*)

(*While going out*)

A LADY—'Twas said to smooth us.

ANOTHER— Yes, 'tis evident

The native Mexicans are not considered.

ANOTHER—'Tis French.

ANOTHER— And Austrians.

ANOTHER— And there's the Prince.

ANOTHER—By no means liked.

ANOTHER— I think his wife is charming—

BAZAINE—A bullet through the heart is not so painful.

PRINCESS SALM—Because she knows she brought it on herself

Poor simple lady.

BAZAINE— The emperor does not know?

PRINCE SALM—I told her highness in a mood of caution.

BAZAINE—What gallant compliments he pays your highness—

To tell one's wife a secret out of caution.

PRINCESS SALM—Why excellency, you know I keep a secret.

PRINCE SALM—Fie but you told—

PRINCESS SALM— That secret *you* may keep—

Ah but it shook my very soul with fear—

Let us forget—how beautiful the rooms—

PRINCE SALM—Your highness then must thank his excellency—

BAZAINE—And Colonel Lopez—

PRINCESS SALM— But above it all

How young and beautiful their majesties.
BAZAINE—A boy and girl! But see that lovely creature
Conversing with Funfkirchen near the throne.
I've seen her oft tonight.
PRINCESS SALM—Princess Josefa—the empire's heir presumptive
Lady in waiting, counselor and friend
The daughter of Iturbide "Liberator"
Augustus I—
BAZAINE— I beg your pardon highness
I know her well. I mean the one who stopped
To disengage her train. (*Aside*) My wife's own image!
PRINCESS SALM—Oh yes you mean fair Mademoiselle de Pena
Oh! she's not noble—
BAZAINE— But she's beautiful—
You know her Prince? Who will present me to her?
PRINCESS SALM—Your excellency 'twould give me greatest pleasure.
BAZAINE—She takes Funfkirchen's arm—She goes.
PRINCESS SALM— Be calm—
She'll not escape. This is romantic truly.
(*Bazaine and Prince and Princess Salm-Salm go out.*)
LABASTIDA—So now for having spoken on the theme
I hope your majesty will pardon me.
CARLOTTA—(*Aside*)Thus every joy is shadowed by a priest.
MAXIMILIAN—We think Juarez' government was right—
Lands valued at a thousand million francs
Siezed from the people, given to the church
Would paralyze prosperity!
LABASTIDA—(*Aside*) Enough!
He cannot see he has no friends but us.

MAXIMILIAN—Well, Miramon where have you left your cares?
You look so happy.
MIRAMON— In Berlin I think;
I hope to never leave this soil again.
MAXIMILIAN—I'm glad to see you, but regret your coming.
Mejia are you tired?
MEJIA— I'm ill at ease
I'm weather-beaten, scarred, the butt of mirth
In such a scene.
MAXIMILIAN— But then your heart of honor
You are a soldier!

(*They converse*)

A GENTLEMAN— Then of course we thought
The South would triumph.
ANOTHER—(*With him*) And we wished it too.
THE FIRST—By consequence the victor deems the empire
A remnant of the fallen enemy.
THE SECOND—And now the French army—
THE FIRST— Reduced by half—
THE SECOND—But ah America!

(Re-enter *Bazaine and Mlle de la Pena*)

THE FIRST— 'Tis plain enough.
Napoleon fears!
THE SECOND— For Seward's notes are threats.
THE FIRST—Which they will execute.
BAZAINE— You are not bored
To dance with such a cavalier as I?
MLLE PENA—Ah self-contempt is not your forte I think.
But you were saying—
BAZAINE— Yes, about my travels.
Of course I've been in Spain, (*Aside*) and loved in Spain
You look quite like a friend I had in Spain.
MLLE PENA—Where is she now?
BAZAINE— In heaven Mademoiselle—

Unless this thing they call re-incarnation—
A Lady—You know she can't control him.
A Gentleman— How absurd—
The Lady—So he's intoxicated.
The Gentleman— Poor Senora!
Another Lady—Those two are on the tongues of every one—
Another—It is a hit. See how her cheeks are glowing.
The First—Besides he follows her about the rooms.
The Second—And how he looks at her.
The First— It is a match.
Bazaine—The only wounds a soldier ever shows
Are those that bleed outside. You think it strange
That I who on the battle field have seen
The drummer youth sink dying to the earth,
Clasping the darling locket with her picture;
And with an eye fixed like the ravin eagle
Have rushed my charger o'er his corse to win;
Should ne'ertheless send up a whine to heaven
When I have felt the iron fingers here.
(*Touches his heart*)
Mlle Pena—Ah Sir.
Bazaine—For what are all my gallant services
At Solferino or Sebastapol
The campaign in Algeria and Morocco,
To what has been; to what I hope may be?
Shall I be honored with another dance?
(Enter *Prince and Princess Salm-Salm*)
Prince Salm—(*To Bazaine*) So all goes well?
Princess Salm— Who can o'erlook the fact?
Your excellency thanks me, do you not?
Bazaine—'Twas not of that he spoke. You know the bells
Which like the woman in the old ballad
We vow shall not ring out.
Prince Salm— Let's try the punch—

PRINCESS SALM—We came to take you with us.
MLLE PENA— On the moment.
His excellency—
BAZAINE— Begged another dance.
PRINCE SALM—Can it be stayed until we drink your health?
PRINCESS SALM (*Mock serious*)—Ah! excellency?
BAZAINE— But mademoiselle you see—
Knows friends of mine, and here in Mexico
How charming to exclaim, why you remember—
He got a fortune, or she wedded ill—
Or so and so is dead; or so and so
Has been promoted, is a colonel now—
PRINCESS SALM—Of which things you have uttered not a word.
MLLE PENA—In truth, your highness—yes I beg of you.
PRINCE SALM—And now the punch.
PRINCESS SALM— Or General Salas drinks
The last of it.
(*They start to go out. As they do so a distant bell rings.*)
PRINCE SALM— That sound.
MLLE PENA— It tolls the hour.
BAZAINE—That wings the moments of this happy dance.
(*The bell rings rapidly*)
But what was that?
PRINCE SALM— Can it be possible?
BAZAINE—Where's Lopez—
MLLE PENA— Your excellency is grave.
BAZAINE— Your pardon
May I conduct you?
MLLE PENA— 'Tis a custom here.
BAZAINE—Yes, when they celebrate.
PRINCE SALM— They ring the bells.
(*Prince Salm-Salm and Bazaine escort the Princess and Mademoiselle de la Pena to the group near the throne.* Enter *Lopez*)

BAZAINE—(*To him*) We are outwitted.
LOPEZ— Heard you that?
BAZAINE— Well Lopez
Is this a case for discipline?
LOPEZ— Your pardon—
I followed every detail of the order.
(*A more general ringing.* Enter *Miramon and Mejia*)
MIRAMON—They celebrate.
PRINCE SALM— The Liberals!
BAZAINE— (*To Lopez*) Go at once—
And you Mejia, quell it if you can.
(*Lopez and Mejia go out. The ringing and the sound of musketry become very loud. The guests crowd into the throne room.*)
A MAN—The Liberals are here.
ANOTHER— The city's taken.
ANOTHER—Fly all of you!
ANOTHER— 'Tis nothing but a fire.
ANOTHER—The guns—protect his majesty.
A WOMAN (*Falling on her knees*)—Oh mercy—
ANOTHER—They're in the castle—
A MAN— Bar the outer doors—
(*Great noise and confusion*)
MAXIMILIAN—What is this wild disorder?
GEN. SALAS (*Entering intoxicated*)—Live the empire!
BAZAINE— Silence.
MAXIMILIAN (*Stepping from the throne*)—I
Command to know.
(*A silence by the company. The noise without continuing.*)
PRINCE SALM (*Aside*)—Who has the heart to speak?
BAZAINE (*Aside*)—Permit the priest!
LABASTIDA (*Cooly*)— Your majesty I grieve
The Liberals have taken Tampico.

CARLOTTA—Your reverence knew this and from us concealed it?
LABASTIDA (*Continuing*)—And Metamoras.
BAZAINE (*Aside*)— How the priest rejoices.
LABASTIDA (*Continuing*)—The United States accredits to Juarez
A minister. And General Sherman comes
To see what aid of arms the Liberals need.
CARLOTTA—Hence all of you!
LABASTIDA (*Continuing*)—In sympathy with this
A riot fulmines in our capital.
MAXIMILIAN—Bazaine, the troops!

CURTAIN.

ACT TWO

A state room in the palace; on the left a throne; on the right a council table surrounded by chairs. Members of the ministry discovered at the table.

A MINISTER—So this awaits the imperial sanction?
ANOTHER— Yes.
THE FIRST—A somewhat useless routine.
ANOTHER— I approve it—
ANOTHER—And I; for when the black decree was issued
I thought it should except the president
His generals and other men of state;
Unless his majesty should order death.
ANOTHER—His majesty did make a reservation
In case Juarez should be captured.
ANOTHER— True!
THE LAST—Now Mariscali profits by that spirit.
ANOTHER—But dies!
ANOTHER— Alas
MINISTER OF FINANCE—(*Holding a paper*)
More money for the French.
ANOTHER—Now will the army stick?
ANOTHER— Bazaine has wedded.
Of course we ratify the emperor's deed,
By which the bride is dowered of San Cosme—
For there the twain keep royal state and feast

The hungry French; so if we had the power
'Twould work embarrassment to stay the seal
Of our consent.
ANOTHER— But thus the treasure goes—
In gifts to those whose hearts are alien to us.
ANOTHER—His majesty?
(*They rise as Maximilian* enters)
MAXIMILIAN— The orders are prepared
Then I will sign them, I indulge the hope
No meeting will be needful in my absence.
Her majesty is regent and will call you.
I thank you for your aid. To all adieu!
(*They bow and walk away.*)
A MINISTER—His majesty departs.
ANOTHER— How pale he is.
ANOTHER—What does it mean?
ANOTHER— But when will he return
ANOTHER—I'm loath to credit it.
ANOTHER— You may believe me.
(*They go out*)
MAXIMILIAN—In early youth when first the rapturous blood
Mounts up with giddy vigor to the brain
How light in dreams of empire weigh the deeds
Of those who ruled the world. How hard to rule!
For what avails those years of patient toil
Beneath the student's lamp, if now I fail
Before these questions, which my youthful thought
Gave me equipment for the mastery.
Foes, armies, hatred, dread assassination
The strategy of states, the court's cabal
Or intertwined intrigue, these were the shades
Which kings of yore encountered and subdued—
Whilst I the son of Kings, and by their strife
Inheriting the fine and finished sense
For their defeat, must think, but cannot act.

But oh for health again, and for the spirit
Of dauntless enterprise. Yes, I will seek
Midst quiet scenes the soaring soul of youth
And try again to do it. Ye matchless dead
Who slumber in me, wake that I may be
The aid of fate, the builder of a throne.
And as ye dealt, myself to deal as well
In blood and gold—Nor longer feel my cheek
Burning behind the idle mask of King.
My spirit shall not wither in your presence!
(*A silence*)
Nor will I analyze the varying shades
Of good and ill that shift in my decision—
I will, I act, it is the emperor—
So Mariscali dies!
(*He sits and writes, Carlotta* enters.)
CARLOTTA— Forever writing.
(*He looks up.*)
MAXIMILIAN—'Tis you. I thought the sun was shining.
CARLOTTA— Sweetheart!
You've made me weep with these.
(*Handling a string of pearls.*)
Ah Ferdinand—
These are the peaceful days at Miramar—
Turned by the alchemy of memory—
And by these shifting shades of fleeting glory
Holding within themselves those perished sunsets
Which burned along the Adriatic wave,
Until they mingled in that moonlit sky
Of white pellucid air—which makes the pearl.
You love me yet as in my girl-hood—yes?
MAXIMILIAN—How can you ask?
CARLOTTA— You ne'er forget my birthday.
Well, one is young at twenty-six, I think.
But all the morning I have I heard a ringing
Of Miramar.

MAXIMILIAN— And I have heard the bells.
CARLOTTA—I scarce can bear to have you go from me.
MAXIMILIAN—Nor should I go!
CARLOTTA— And yet the doctor wills it.
MAXIMILIAN—I cannot hold my hand, see how it trembles.
CARLOTTA—That's from the fever—
MAXIMILIAN— Yes of life—!
CARLOTTA— Of life?
Now don't be sad.
MAXIMILIAN— I'm over-worked, Carlotta
And every day brings news of evil import;
The United States have dealt a staggering blow.
I doubt if we can rally from the shock—
CARLOTTA—Napoleon keeps his army
MAXIMILIAN— Here's the order—
Which dedicates to him the revenues
Of Vera Cruz, our only port, and makes
As a trap of the Austrian prince who once
Held the succession of the Austrian throne.
'Twas bitter, bitter. For in spite of all—
My pressing need, the help that he could be—
The rude insistence of his blunt demands
Struck harshly—Nor content with this he threatens
To take the French away without allowance
Wherein I might amass a native army
To hold the throne.
CARLOTTA— Alas! I too have wondered!
What stays the empire if they did their duty?
It is a nothing that one cannot grasp.
MAXIMILIAN—This very empire, like a ship becalmed,
Waits for some nameless favor, held by nothing.
This canopy is made the perch of nothing.
Napoleon First took Moscow and found nothing. ;
Napoleon Third took Mexico—
CARLOTTA— My lord
The thought you raise outruns the dreadful words.

MAXIMILIAN—The sword leaps out for foes and reaches nothing.
'Tis here, 'tis here, 'tis gone, it is a voice,
An ignis fatuus flitting through a marsh.
A shadow with the power of death, a fear—
A breath blown icy from the lips of fate.
Rumor of pestilence in the sunny air—
Venomous motes that move about unseen.
A viewless barrier more stern than steel.
A crushing imminence that laughs at us—
The pregnant messages of kings that glide
Like magic under seas, armies afar
That strike not and yet enervate our rule.
CARLOTTA—Oh Maximilian! Maximilian!
MAXIMILIAN—There! there! how foolish of me.
CARLOTTA— No!
You cannot hide what I see far too well—
I know this problem. Yes, I feel its weight—
Yet not the teaching of that master mind
Which was my father's, lately passed away
Who hoped to school his daughter in the craft
Which pilots states, avails the least for me—
It flies us, it escapes and hides in darkness—
I feel at times my mind—ah—
MAXIMILIAN— Horrible!
Silence!
CARLOTTA— What did I say? Not that!
But save me from this shadow, fold me to you—
This ghostly nothing which you pictured so—
Freezes my blood! I would not have you leave
MAXIMILIAN—Not leave you? Ah Carlotta if but heaven
Would see and pity!
CARLOTTA— Sir, your soldier's spirit!
God pities those who fall on the redoubt
Not those who shrink—Go gladly, Maximilian—

I'm regent; I will act: For never falls—
This throne, the gift of God. I spurn aside
These hints of abdication. Under foot
I tread the enmity of all the world—
And if we fall, let's fall with majesty!
Why even last night I fancied you and I
Strolled by the fluted waves of Miramar.
Yet did it seem, so strangely are these visions,
We walked the balcony of the palace here
Breathing again the words of love and hope
Of Miramar in the sweet days long past.
When of a sudden in the middle north
Upsprung the terrible sun and smote the moon
So fiercely that it writhed away like mist,
And all the stars dissolved in seas of dawn,
Save for one planet burning a dull red
Low to the east whither the soft bats flew:
Thus charmèd with this sorcery of light
Chapultepec dissolved—

(*She pauses—*)

MAXIMILIAN—What idle dreams—
CARLOTTA—But if it means the falling of the empire
Or even death, I'm nerved to meet the fate—
There's something else—
MAXIMILIAN—Carlotta come with me!
CARLOTTA—There's something else!

(*While she is talking the strand of pearls slip from her hand and falling on the floor scatter.*)

Who cast this fateful spell
Ah look! the pearls themselves cry out to us—
Is it our benefactions thrown away
Our treasure wasted on ungracious subjects
Or something else? Too terrible to think!
How foolish of us both.
MAXIMILIAN— For shame Carlotta.

CARLOTTA—My father would have boxed my ears for this,
I'll pick them up.
MAXIMILIAN— Yes, break the occult charm.
CARLOTTA—I've found them everyone—
MAXIMILIAN— Now sweet Carlotta
No more such moods as this for either of us—
Before I go I would impart to you—
Some counsel; we will talk as I make ready.
CARLOTTA—And from my cabinet I'll show you something
A document all brightly tied with ribbons,
My birthday greetings sent from Yucatan
MAXIMILIAN—That's from your visit.
CARLOTTA— I am holy empress,
Friend of the church—
MAXIMILIAN— They thrust me thus obliquely—
Preserve these orders— Go! I'll come at once
(*He resumes writing*)
CARLOTTA—(*Aside*)
My heart is breaking! Still must I endure!
(*Carlotta walks away and at the entrance reels but steadies herself against the wall*)
CARLOTTA—Come to me—
(*Maximilian drops his pen, goes to her and assists her out. As they go out Bazaine and Labastida enter and pause looking after them.*)
LABASTIDA— See! she swoons—
BAZAINE— The children are not well.
(*Aside*) I wonder not she swoons. The crisis comes!
LABASTIDA—Then I'll go on.
BAZAINE— Your reverence stay, with me,
You may see that which will revive your hopes—
(*Aside*) I'll use the priest.
LABASTIDA— 'Tis piteous to see
Things drift and drift. Moreover sir your master
Is one with Maximilian 'gainst the church.

BAZAINE—I'm not. And even they may change; you know
Time conjugates the will of emperors,
What is becomes what was, and what has been.
The future tense their grammar ne'er expresses—
LABASTIDA—You call it grammar?
BAZAINE— Or astrology.
You have been wronged.
LABASTIDA— Much more we were deceived
BAZAINE—Your reverence is much too cynical
Write failure on your tomb; wear not the badge
Like some marked package. Have an eye to thrift
The harvest ripens; when the winter comes—
The ungathered corn is lost.
LABASTIDA— You speak in riddles
BAZAINE—His majesty is very fond of me—
(*Produces a paper*)
LABASTIDA— A deed!
BAZAINE—A palace for my wedding gift Monsignor—
LABASTIDA—Then 'tis not merely that he loves the people
That keeps the church's property with them?
BAZAINE—My morning's errand here is quite peculiar—
LABASTIDA—In truth! To thank his majesty, perhaps?
BAZAINE—How then peculiar? Might I ask Monsignor—
If I do ought which in the course of things
Bobs up to your advantage—throw a stone
Which ultimately strikes and helps you on—
Prevent some move—or by a crafty impact—
Give speed to your desires—you understand
I promise no results, but let you gamble
And give you the per centum of success—
What will you do?
LABASTIDA— I leave the act to you?
But if you promise me to lend your hand
How so you will, I trust you to do well—
Fortune, pours in, your hand, ten thousand dollars—

This very day. And when it comes to pass—
More money for you that will make this palace
Too poor for you.
BAZAINE— I'll do it Labastida!
For I hold here a secret that will shake
The empire. And it's time to use the hands
Before the prompter rings the curtain down
And robbers without tickets grab the box.
I do suspect—or to speak otherwise
I am inspired; and grab the flapping skirts
Of passing inspiration.
LABASTIDA— You delight me!
BAZAINE—Oh fie, oh faugh, oh zounds, oh everything
Profane and sacred that it comes to this—
To day dreams—catalepsy—addled wits.
Such is this scheme of empire; and the man
Picked out to rule, is praised, as if it were
The all in all, because he loves his wife—
Then get my money! For you want your lands—
And Maximilian wants all Mexico.
And Europe wants his majesty to have it.
How well I know the story and you know it—
The banded monarchs prod themselves to fury.
"This country owes us money" cries the first.
LABASTIDA—"They have despised our flag," another says.
BAZAINE—"We must protect our ministers and subjects."
LABASTIDA—"A stable government must be established."
BAZAINE—"The natives pass our envoy on the side-walk."
LABASTIDA—"Some school-boys bit their thumbs at our legation.
They will not trade with us; they have abstained—"
BAZAINE—"From opium and bibles. They protest—"
LABASTIDA—"Our goods are cheats. They wound our missionaries."
BAZAINE—With questions like—"Whence came the wife of Cain?"

LABASTIDA—"They are not civilized — they kill each other."
BAZAINE—"With knives—They're prone, to revolutions, Blood
Must cease to flow,—"
LABASTIDA— "And blood cures blood"—
BAZAINE— And so—
A manifesto and a dozen war-ships
To shame dishonor and to cow rebellion
Grape-shot—
LABASTIDA— Puebla—
BAZAINE— Mexico at last
A throne stuck on Napoleon's bayonets
And two young creatures, very tall and fair
Escorted 'twixt a rabble of dark faces—
That shouted vivas with a garlic breath.
LABASTIDA—And empire—
BAZAINE— Yes, a dangerous toy for children—
I see that o'er topped brow before me now
Crushing upon the silken-whiskered chin—
He should have mine. The puckered Hapsburg mouth
The baby eyes in which the shadows flit—
LABASTIDA—Shed from the vampire wings of feudalism—
BAZAINE—Disorder, riot, tangled circumstance,
Spies in the city. Liberal opposition
Wounded but crawling to its hiding place
Where it regathers venom and returns
To strike—
(*The sound of objects being moved is heard.*)
Perhaps!
(*A lackey appears at the rear carrying baggage.*)
He abdicates!
(*Turning around to the lackey*) You stop!
(*To Labastida*)
The emperor flies! I stop it. Get my money.
Have I preserved to you a chance of winning?

Yes, when the empire falls you lose forever—
LABASTIDA—'Tis true, my thanks.
BAZAINE (*To the lackey*)—Go take the baggage back.
(*To Labastida*)
Some reason to him, for his master's sake—
(*To the lackey*) The enemy is camped near Orizaba
'Twould jeopard much the emperor's sacred person
To travel thence. Announce my presence here.
Take back the baggage. (*The lackey bows and obeys.*)
LABASTIDA—Oh! Lucky stroke.
BAZAINE— Thrice happy inspirations
Think what it means. The emperor abdicates,—
Departs in secret—leaves Napoleon's army—
With nothing but a vacant throne to guard.
And we trail after, hauling through the dust
The eagles; tingling in our very backs,
And drawing in that scope of rounded flesh
God made to kick, as from a sort of instinct.
Drooped, spiritless before the bitter sneers
Of what they call the great United States.
Hooted from Mexico! with lofty gestures
Waved hence like lackeys. I decline the part.
For when I saw the empress near to swooning
I knew the parting words were being said—
Go Labastida—
LABASTIDA— We shall meet to-day.
(Exit)
BAZAINE—Old friend, myself, you've grown a financier—
Which is to use and seize what others make—
Well, let it be discount of backs and hands,
Hopes put in escrow, happiness impounded,
I was the pen which wrote and nothing else—
I neither made the empire nor will break it.
If heaven breaks it, and I profit by it —
Who has been wronged? (Enter *Lopez.*)
You keep the hour with me?

LOPEZ—I thank your excellency, for I am grieved
Quite to the quick.
BAZAINE— Your face betrays it, Lopez.
LOPEZ—I loved, I love—
BAZAINE— But why invert the tense?
LOPEZ—It was and is.
BAZAINE— I see. 'Twas at the ball
You met this fair one.
LOPEZ— And I've suffered since—
BAZAINE—You meet?
LOPEZ— Each day.
BAZAINE— You have been reticent
Yes more than that, there should have been a wedding.
LOPEZ—She's plighted now—
BAZAINE— Ah sir, a liaison?
LOPEZ—She's Mariscali's wife.
BAZAINE— The General?
I'm dumb! But softly, for you know my friend
Her widow's weeds are growing.
LOPEZ— I would nip them.
BAZAINE—Self-sacrifice! I see the noble stuff
Whereof your love is made
LOPEZ— 'Twas years ago—
BAZAINE—So says the story book—
LOPEZ— Our love began—
But under evil stars. There was a woman—
BAZAINE—And her name was Eve.
LOPEZ— I was the tempter too
But then as well the tempted
BAZAINE— As of old
You shared, the apple.
LOPEZ— Then I tired of her—
BAZAINE—Of course you strove to throw away the core,
Wipe off your mouth, deny the wickedness
And say I never touched the bitter apple.
LOPEZ—Prophetic man! Besides there was the child.

And when this heaven of love was shown to me
And Madam Mariscali hoped to be
My wife—along came number one—
BAZAINE— I see
LOPEZ—And wrecks my peace and so our lives divided—
Can I forget the sad farewells we said
When she with eyes made soft by tears and sorrow
Looked love at me, and with a quivering voice
Whispered those words of hopeless hope—"I love you."
Then did we vow to stand as friends forever—
Forever—in this life whate'er betide.
And by that vow and by its sacred hour
I mean to save her husband, if I can.
BAZAINE—'Tis madness, for the order has been signed.
LOPEZ—I plotted at the trial
BAZAINE— He was convicted.
LOPEZ—I'll see his majesty.
BAZAINE— Where is she, sir?
LOPEZ—Within my call.
BAZAINE— You're overbold, I think.
Is this not treason
LOPEZ— Call it what you will—
BAZAINE—Be still, he comes.
LOPEZ— I cry to you for help.
Appeal to him!
BAZAINE— (*Thinking*)
I'm logical good man.
I gave my counsel for the black decree—
And lack a reason for its intermission
In Mariscali's case. Not so with you—
And less with her whose loss impends to-day.
I have a plan.
LOPEZ She weeps so softly, cries
With such a piteous moan. And raves by turns
If I were emperor, I could not shut
My sympathy against her.

BAZAINE— Listen then—
Go bring her here, conceal her near the door.
The emperor departs, but I will hold him
'Till you have come. Now haste—the emperor's step!
When you return, walk in, make your appeal—
When he refuses let her rush before him
With such impetuous begging for her husband
As will convulse his soul. Go sir—
(Exit *Lopez*)
Another blow
To break his resolution. For these women
Are tigerish creatures, scratch if you demur—
Hell hath no fury like a woman, scorned—
That phrase was meant for Mexico! And even
If what I did should fail, this startling trap
Which opens with a pop and out she comes
With tears and storms of words will overcome him—
He shall not abdicate.
(Enter *Maximilian*)
Your majesty
Would I could grant your majesty protection!
MAXIMILIAN—What is the matter?
BAZAINE— Travel is dangerous—
A riot brews at Orizaba
MAXIMILIAN— Why!
That's very strange.
BAZAINE— The South is in turmoil.
Nor is it possible to check advances
Of Liberal troops; and then there are guerillas.
Here in the Capitol but yester-night
They hooted old Mejia.
MAXIMILIAN— Why I pray?
BAZAINE—He made a speech.
MAXIMILIAN— Mejia is discreet—
What did he say?
BAZAINE— What everyone should say—

Long live the Emperor Maximilian first!
MAXIMILIAN—Here in the city ? (*With amazement.*)
BAZAINE— But they caught the culprits.
This happened near the bull-ring, being Friday
The effigy of Judas was hung up
And dangled from the wall. Some curious person
Turned it around and there upon its breast
Appeared a card bearing the name Juarez—
First there were murmurs, afterward the cries
Of treason and then screeches of derision,
And then a bedlam of tumultuous sound—
Until the soldiers smoothed the matter over.
MAXIMILIAN—Might I inquire, can you police the city?
BAZAINE—(*Aside*) I'll not return that parry.
(*To Maximilian*) I obey!
Your majesty has heard the dreadful news—
Count Kurtzroch has been murdered by guerillas.
MAXIMILIAN—That noble Austrian! I grieve indeed.
BAZAINE—Two Frenchmen taken captive near Puebla
Were buried in the sand all but their heads
And these the wolves devoured.
MAXIMILIAN— How horrible!
BAZAINE—A stage coach was attacked six leagues from here
The passengers were murdered.
MAXIMILIAN— Stay Bazaine—
BAZAINE—Some Union troops and General Sheridan—
Have taken station near the Rio Grande—
For Washington lays down its ultimatum
The French must take the troops from Mexico.
The northern country swarms with Liberals—
And movements in the South—
MAXIMILIAN—(*Weakly*) I pray you spare me.
(*With resolution*) I lay the empire under siege to-day—
Proceed Bazaine, San Luis shall be taken,
Juarez captured if he can be found
And every rebel general in the field—

This Mariscali dies. How fit it is.
'Tis felon's blood that stops the hand of treason—
I will the siege; be swift to execute it.
BAZAINE—Your majesty might I inquire what troops
Shall do this work?
MAXIMILIAN— The troops of France! (*A silence*)
BAZAINE—I have not seen the order of Napoleon.
MAXIMILIAN—I will it sir. The troops are mine. Your master
Receives my revenues. I pay the troops
Thousands have sworn allegiance to me.
BAZAINE—Believe me 'tis a thought that stifles me
France cannot war with the United States—
And what your majesty commands of me—
Awakes the bugle's voice. Monroe is dead,
But lives in spirit. And to seize Juarez—
Whom Washington through the official eye
Regards as ruler of the Mexicans—
Strips off the scabbard. France declines the fight.
MAXIMILIAN—I have commanded.
BAZAINE— And I have explained—
MAXIMILIAN—Since you resist, and doing so command,
While I obey; since you are emperor
Might I solicit counsel on these problems
Which close like circling fire about the throne.
Bazaine there is such reason in your words—
I lay the watchword of "Beware" aside—
And drink your speech.
BAZAINE— I know that you suspect me,
I'm hurt indeed
(Enter *a lackey*)
LACKEY— The president of the council.
(Enter *the president*)
PRESIDENT—Your majesty I crave an audience.
MAXIMILIAN—(*To Bazaine*)You may withdraw. But of these serious matters

There's more to say. What is the business sir?
(*Bazaine goes to a side room*)
PRESIDENT—Our resignations.
(*Hands Maximilian a paper.*)
MAXIMILIAN— All the ministers?
PRESIDENT—Your majesty!
MAXIMILIAN—(*Feebly and confused*) I cannot understand it.
Why sir, this extraordinary act—
Just on the eve of my enforced departure
Thus bluntly heralded, I ask to know?
PRESIDENT—Your majesty has heard of the excitement,
We learn your majesty departs.
MAXIMILIAN— I go
To Orizaba
PRESIDENT— Rumors fill the streets
Your majesty departs for Vera Cruz
En route to Austria. In short we hear
Your majesty has abdicated.
MAXIMILIAN—(*Astonished*) Sir—
Upon that point 'tis useless to debate—
They are accepted!
(*He motions the president away who goes out.*)
Ah! I've grown so poor
My very word is doubted—Hence my crown!
Hence gaudy symbol of evanished power!
Or else, come spirit of the mighty Charles—
Fill me with courage, wisdom, resolution,
That with a hand of steel I may grasp up
Such slimy things as sprawl about my steps
And strangle them.
(*He rings.* Enter *a lackey*)
Go bring the baggage back.
LACKEY—Your majesty I was about to take it—
MAXIMILIAN—Then do not.

LACKEY— —His excellency—
(*Maximilian motions him away.*)
Forbade me!
MAXIMILIAN—Bazaine? (Re-enter *Bazaine*)
BAZAINE— Your majesty desires me?
MAXIMILIAN— Yes!
The lackey says you countermanded me.
BAZAINE—Your majesty, he did not understand—
In this disorder I was apprehensive—
MAXIMILIAN—Then sir you told him—
BAZAINE— Not to take the baggage,
Travel is perilous to Orizaba!
I hope I have not trespassed.
MAXIMILIAN— Quite too far.
BAZAINE—(*Aside*) The tow awaits the spark. Be kind Bazaine
MAXIMILIAN—(*Angrily*) At last I see the cunning plot you wove—
You too have heard I fly to Austria—
BAZAINE—Your majesty—
MAXIMILIAN— That I have abdicated—
BAZAINE—In truth I did—
MAXIMILIAN— And you believe it, sir?
BAZAINE—'Twas credible!
MAXIMILIAN— And so you stop my baggage—
Shed panic on my ministry.
BAZAINE— They're wise
To scamper from the storm; for if Juarez—
Should find a royal cabinet when he comes—
There would be throats to stick. They know it well,
And like repentant scoundrels facing death
They take this sacrament to purchase peace!
MAXIMILIAN—Well have you done?—It serves your royal master
To stop my flight, if flight I did intend.
But if I will to abdicate your master

Will have sufficient chance to take the troops
From Mexico. And furthermore Bazaine
Since the United States give you concern
I crave to reassure you I shall never
Furnish the circumstance for them to laugh,
Nor leave you here to play the game alone.
BAZAINE—I'm innocent of all that you impute.
MAXIMILIAN—Yet 'tis a grievous breach of etiquette
A piece of small chicane to stop my baggage—
And look you sir! You negative the siege
Disarm me if I stay, prevent my flight
If such it was—
(*In sorrow*) God be my hope and strength!
And be your judge—For ah it is the virtue
Of monarchy that looks to Him alone
And grounds the mobs suspicious looks which heeded
Would rent the throne. Bazaine adieu—
BAZAINE—(*Aside-retiring*) Poor boy!
What madness drives him to a breach with me.
'Tis not enough to beard the vatican,
Break with the clericals, but he must haste
The day that wings its flight toward him now—
When France will yield to the United States.
I pity him. Yes more, my pity moves me—
(*He walks back*)
Your majesty I crave forgiveness!
I am too sensible of all your deeds
Of generous friendship thus to part.
MAXIMILIAN—(*Kindly; but not yielding*) Bazaine!
BAZAINE—Your majesty— (*As Bazaine goes out he meets Lopez*)
(*To Lopez*) You will succeed!—I think.
(Exit)
MAXIMILIAN—Lopez well come—Matters of state forbid
My trip to Orizaba and impose—
Fresh enterprise. Before I talk of these

I pin this medal on your loyal breast
Which signifies imperial recognition
Of all you did the night the bells were rung
And other services.
LOPEZ— I am unworthy!
MAXIMILIAN—You master leans upon you. See Prince Salm
And say I ask him and the Princess here
To dine with us to-night. I want Mejia
To raise a native army; tell him so—
Hint that you heard the clericals had won;
Fetch Miramon to see me in the morning—
To-day—I'll make the very minutes work,
Heaping success like ants that never tire—
And to these ends make haste.
(*He removes his traveling coat*)
LOPEZ— I have a cause
Near to my heart to plead. Your majesty
If ever I by any act of mine
Have stirred your majesty to thought of me
Hear me, I pray—
MAXIMILIAN— My heart is open Lopez—
(Enter *a lackey and announces Miramon and Labastida*)
Conduct them hither. That's a glimpse of sky!
What warms the soul of Miramon to me?
Postpone your suit—
(Enter *Miramon and Labastida*)
Your reverence would see me?
LABASTIDA—To pledge my service.
MAXIMILIAN— You are very kind
LABASTIDA—The church can never see the government
Embarrassed by a traitorous ministry.
MAXIMILIAN—It is a day for courage.
MIRAMON— Yes if one
Maintained his prestige.

MAXIMILIAN— Prestige? Miramon!
MIRAMON—Why all my friends on me have turned their backs
They say of me why look at Miramon
He lives at Paris, woos Napoleon's ear
And maddens Europe with the church's wrongs—
He hears—
LABASTIDA— And sends an army of redress
MIRAMON—The Liberals are scattered in the mountains.
A people's love, like a prophetic spirit,
Caught up your majesty—
LABASTIDA— Upon this throne.
MIRAMON—The fault is mine. I told them from my heart
Your majesty would give them back their lands.
And what your majesty has done for me,
With medals, benefits and offices—
Past all my worth burns like a robe of fire.
The bishops say my importunities
Have dwindled to myself, save Labastida.
LABASTIDA—Yes, Miramon I know your heart
MIRAMON— Indeed,
No sooner did I hear this dreadful news
Than I have hurried with my proferred hand
For any service which your majesty
Commands; but faith what can I do. Yes I—
Once ruler of the Mexican republic
And bringing to this throne a life of strength
Friends, influence and all that years of thought
Win for a name. Faith, I repeat the question,
What can I do, when every clerical
Rains down the molten pitch of malediction
Upon this roof; And I who won their love
With promises which I cannot fulfil
Go forth with barren and abortive hands
To seek their love again, must pardoned be
If failure over-comes me—

MAXIMILIAN— But the people!
MIRAMON—Who are the church and friends; And for the rest
The Liberals are foes, do what we will.
In state-craft never has ennobled justice
Brought prosperous gales, to drive the vessel straight;
For every wind that blows is usable
When principles, which are but prejudices
Are hauled to deck—while up the main-sail goes—
Which with expedient skill employs the zephyrs
And moves the ship, but God moves it to port;
Nor leaves it battling nor becalmed to rot
This side the sweeping streams of destiny—
For when this empire meets the onward currents
Much can be done which now must be postponed;
And polities be squared with idealism
Which now to vulgar practice are reduced.
MAXIMILIAN—Almost you make me friendly to the church.
LABASTIDA—(*Aside*) You heard those words
MIRAMON— Your majesty believe me
In all this realm no truer heart than mine
Beats for the throne. Upon my solemn oath
Unless the clericals are pacified
Farewell to hope!
MAXIMILIAN— Suppose the French depart.
What army can you raise?
MIRAMON— Give me the power!
(*A silence*)
MAXIMILIAN—Go see Mejia. And good Labastida
Consult the church's treasury, I'll think
With friendly spirit of your words—Go each
About his task.
(*Labastida and Miramon go out, Lopez remains*)
You loiter.
LOPEZ— Yes I crave—
An audience of my cause—

MAXIMILIAN— Another time.
LOPEZ—Your majesty will pardon my insistence
Delay is death.
MAXIMILIAN— Sir you are pale!
LOPEZ— There's one
Who's very near to me. If I deserve
Your majesty's regard, might life be spared?
MAXIMILIAN—'Tis rarely that the throne should interfere,
Who is the wretch?
LOPEZ— I pause your majesty—
MAXIMILIAN—Then if the suit is one which harrows you
Why plead it sir?
LOPEZ— I do it for a woman
MAXIMILIAN—What woman near to you must reach the throne,
For whom delay is death?
LOPEZ— It is her husband.
'Tis Mariscali's wife.
MAXIMILIAN— Lopez no more!
You grieve, you startle me. What fit of madness—
Has driven you to this? You most of all—
On whom suspicion rests. By whom, 'tis said,
The Mexican republic was betrayed—
Why sir, what loss of wits is this to think
The throne is ignorant of your career
As 'tis reported?
LOPEZ— By my enemies—
MAXIMILIAN—But yet a maiden's guileless reasoning
Whereby her name is wrongly tossed about
Would grasp this situation. Think a moment!
You who are falsely charged give color to it
By asking me to pardon Mariscali
Whose enmity against your master's throne
Has made it tremble. And you give no reason—
LOPEZ—I love his wife—
MAXIMILIAN— Then are you doubly guilty

LOPEZ—If I could tell your majesty
MAXIMILIAN— But I
Refuse to hear. Seek to restore that mood
Of confidence your conduct has destroyed—
And to your business, sir.
LOPEZ— Then all is lost—
(Enter *Madam Mariscali*)
MADAM MARISCALI—'Twas all for me! And by the God we love
Upon my knees I beg your majesty
(*She flings herself before him*)
MAXIMILIAN—A scoundrel's plot! Remove this woman Lopez—
MADAM MARISCALI—Learn from your enemies that other truth
Which they believe, and from my lips receive
This humble prayer, preserve my husband's life.
MAXIMILIAN—Remove this woman!
MADAM MARISCALI— Ah! your majesty
One thought alone I press against your heart—
'Tis that my husband was obedient
To orders of the power he served so well.
Yes, what the wide world knows, it is a power
Which stays the empire and disputes the throne.
And by the laws of war, the General
Deserves the treatment of a captured soldier,
But not a rebel's death.
MAXIMILIAN— Remove this woman.
LOPEZ—(*Laying his hands upon her*)
MADAM MARISCALI—'Twas of my will I sought this audience
And woman, as I am, incurred the peril
That waits an enemy, the blinding horror
Of hard denial.
MAXIMILIAN— Shall I be obeyed?

MADAM MARISCALI—Ah! how this clemency would thrill
the hearts
Of doubting Mexico, of tardy souls—
Who wait some inspiration to decide.
If it should be, not that a native friend
Already cleaving to the throne was favored,
But that a Mexican and enemy
To this emprise had furnished the occasion
To show your majesty's imperial spirit.
MAXIMILIAN—Once more do I command.
MADAM MARISCALI— I beg of you
I crawl before you, kiss your feet—behold!
Have mercy—
(*Maximilian points to Lopez who seizes her*)
Then your majesty denies!
Ha! can it be?
(*She screams.*)
I curse you Maximilian!
(*As she is dragged away.*)
They who destroy shall also beg for life.
I will it. By my power it shall be so.
I curse you Maximilian. From this day
The sceptre falters in your hand. I curse you!
I dip this hyssop in my husband's blood
And smite the republic's lintels—Liberty
The treasured nursling of our Mexico
Sleeps, but shall die not by the passing Fate.
God shall behold and finish my revenge—
I curse you in the name of Liberty
I curse you by a woman's hate. I curse you
By woman's love, by high, by low, by death,
In treason's name—
(*She pauses convulsed with passion. Bazaine re-enters.*)
BAZAINE— Tut! tut! What's this?

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

(*A state room in the palace*—the same as in the preceding act.)

(Enter *Bazaine and Lopez*)

BAZAINE—What did I tell you?
LOPEZ— It has come to pass—
BAZAINE—I'm very busy. For to move the army—
Is no light matter. And to pick a way
To Vera Cruz and not to be hawked at
By hovering rebels taxes genius.
LOPEZ— Yes—
How have you done it?
BAZAINE— I've surrendered cities
Along the way.
LOPEZ—(*With surprise*) You leave the emperor cornered!
BAZAINE—Then let him make a public abdication,
Heed Castlenau who comes to urge him to it;
Say that the Mexicans are democrats,
Napoleon and himself have been deceived;—
Sophisticate and smear the obvious fact
That Paris bends the knee to Washington.
I'm sick at heart. I loathe the shameless logic
By which I take the troops from Mexico—
But contra, if the Mexicans have changed,
Want a republic, and the emperor bows
To the same will by which he took the throne,
And abdicates, directs me to withdraw
The army—well you see I turn the laugh

If his perversity is headed so!—
This is my task! Then France abides the day—
When she can spank the bastard progeny
Of our Rousseau—The carriage of my wife
Drove to the entrance but a moment since—
Go Lopez. But return, for I shall need you.
(Exit *Lopez and* enter *Madam Bazaine, gorgeously attired.*)
Madam Bazaine, the empire's favorite—
Sweet lady may I kiss your hand?
MADAM BAZAINE— You rogue—
BAZAINE—Or spread my mantle o'er the muddy way.
MADAM BAZAINE—I know you not.
BAZAINE— Then you are not the same—
Whom Maximilian dowered of a palace?
MADAM BAZAINE—Sir agent who have sold my palace for me
What have you done, sir, with the purchase price?
BAZAINE—I bought a draft on Paris—you are here
To say farewell—make haste, for Castlenau
Arrived this morning and will dine with us—
I go to meet him now. Be kind sweet thing
And join us readily. I kiss your hand.
MADAM BAZAINE—No! (*She offers her lips. He kisses her*)
BAZAINE— Adieu—(Exit *Bazaine*)
MADAM BAZAINE— Is no one living here?
Almost it seems this is a rendezvous
JOSEFA—(*Aside as she* enters) For ingrates!
(*To her*) What a charming day Madam!
MADAM BAZAINE—The drive about the city too is lovely.
There is much bustle.
JOSEFA— Gathering up their treasure
To take away.
MADAM BAZAINE— And saying sad farewells;
I am much grieved to go. But then your highness
It compensates to think I'll live in Paris.

JOSEFA—'Tis pleasant, too, to leave one's native country.
MADAM BAZAINE—(*Aside*) Her spirit rasps! But I'll be soft as wool.
Yes even Mexico grows old at last.
I wish their majesties were going with us.
JOSEFA—To fly with you?
MADAM BAZAINE— I would not phrase it so.
JOSEFA—And yet—
MADAM BAZAINE— Yes General Castlenau is here
Somewhat the worse for travel. Quite astonished
To see the country in such sad turmoil.
In France they think the empire is at peace—
You see how much deceived Napoleon is—
His train was almost ditched by the guerillas
JOSEFA—He came by Vera Cruz?
MADAM BAZAINE— A dangerous way—
His excellency is talking with him now.
But even we from whom such royal secrets
Are kept have had forerunners of his mission.
What's whispered in Cathay is heard in London
The Paris gossip travels with the morn,
His task is painful, highness—
JOSEFA— Yes, your husband
Was kind enough to bulletin the news
MADAM BAZAINE—To bulletin?
JOSEFA— That is to circulate it.
MADAM BAZAINE—(*Aside*) The lady's claws are sharp.
JOSEFA— It was a secret,
As you have said, of state. Their majesties
Like not the freedom of its publication.
And then the ill effect.
MADAM BAZAINE— I grieve indeed—
Your highness to resume while I was driving
I stopped to bid her majesty adieu—
How is her majesty
JOSEFA— Improving Madam.

MADAM BAZAINE—I never thought Chapultepec was healthful
So near the marsh. Our palace is delightful.
It almost broke my heart to sell it, yet
We'll not return. And in these stirring days
What rights of property can be conserved?
May I solicit of her majesty
A brief adieu—Perhaps ah could it be
To win her majesty to go with us—
JOSEFA—I doubt it Madam.
MADAM BAZAINE— I beseech your highness—
JOSEFA—Her majesty is resting—
MADAM BAZAINE— I'll go to her—
JOSEFA—(*Aside*) Let the rebuff be from a higher hand—
(*She rings—A lackey enters*)
(*To the lackey*) Madam Bazaine would see her majesty
(Exit *lackey*)
MADAM BAZAINE—If Mexico could ever come to peace
One might be reconciled to live here always.
JOSEFA—Madam your speech seems strangely out of place,
Her sufferings have left your sky serene.
MADAM BAZAINE—Have I not seen?
JOSEFA— They shot my father Madam.
MADAM BAZAINE—Yes tragic fate.
JOSEFA— Too true and orphaned me—
You 'mid these thorns have found a bed of roses,
Whilst in a sense the weight of shock and change
Have rested on my shoulders.
MADAM BAZAINE— Ah your highness!
JOSEFA—Nor is it strange I love their majesties
Who hold the second empire—
MADAM BAZAINE—(*Aside*) If they hold it—
JOSEFA—And with these puny hands support the throne
(Re-enter *the lackey*)
LACKEY—Her majesty declines the kind adieu
Which Madam tenders to her majesty— (Exit)

MADAM BAZAINE—(*Aside*) Ah I must smooth the declination over.
(*Aloud*) I'm grieved to know her majesty is ill—
And now your highness say my sad farewell,
I must be going. To their majesties
Express the gratitude I feel for all
Their majesties have done for me. Alas!
Your highness I am sad at parting. Yes
Thus with your highness—(*She takes her hand*)
When you come to Paris
May I be honored with your entertainment
JOSEFA—Ah thank you Madam—but I'll scarcely come—
My life in Paris did dispel the glamour
MADAM BAZAINE—(*Aside*) A thrust! She knows I've never been in Paris.
How sad when youthful feelings die away
And now adieu.
JOSEFA—Adieu— (Exit *Madam Bazaine*)
False, cruel heart.
(Enter *Carlotta*)
CARLOTTA—She's gone— At last—
JOSEFA— Your majesty—
CARLOTTA— Josefa
But let a woman entertain the fiend
She'll think of subtle torture. Oh that woman
Whose ardent zeal helped on the intervention
Now wedded to the vile Bazaine and grown
Affluent by the favors of these hands,
How cold her spirit!
JOSEFA— Like the rest.
CARLOTTA— Audacious—
To come to say adieu—as if to empty
The poison in my bleeding heart
JOSEFA— The peacock!
A butterfly would pale beside her.
CARLOTTA— Think

Of all her husband did and does to-day
And of Napoleon's breach of faith with us
In which Bazaine participates. Josefa
My mind must break beneath this growing strain;
For to o'er-top the summit of despair
That wretched Castlenau comes here to-day.
But we'll not see him. We will hold the crown—
The emperor has listened, he will heed me—
'Tis I that rule; and by this heart of fire
Which needs alone a man's embodiment
Stones shall grow plastic and be shaped to use.
JOSEFA—Good Doctor Basch proscribes affairs of state,
He comes anon.
CARLOTTA— It is my soul that sickens—
It is my mind that ever thinks and thinks
'Twill run until it wears to nothing—Ah!
Josefa favor me
JOSEFA— Your majesty
CARLOTTA—O'er look the preparation of my food
JOSEFA—I'm over-come!
CARLOTTA— I have been long suspicious
Why should his majesty and I be ill
Habitually.
JOSEFA— What villain's hand would do this?
CARLOTTA—But poison may be given while far away
The guilty hand smooths off the tear of sorrow—
Even from Paris might my life be snared—
JOSEFA—'Tis almost past belief.
CARLOTTA— There is a juice
Distilled from tropic roots by Mexicans
Which has no taste, but works upon the brain
And blurs the memory like congealed breath
On window panes, until the eyes of thought
See darkly. Yet it is a shame Josefa
When all things are as wormwood to the empress
She cannot even drink a cup of water

Without this dull paralysis up here—
(*She clasps her brows.*)
JOSEFA—It is the fever.
CARLOTTA— I've remarked for weeks
A lapse of memory on the gravest subjects.
His majesty likewise is thus afflicted—
You say no one would do it? Would Napoleon?
You have known bitterness enough to learn
Man's cruelty is bounded by his caution
(*A lackey announces Dr. Basch*)
JOSEFA—The Doctor comes—
(Enter *Dr. Basch*)
BASCH— Your majesty, your highness
(*Looks at Carlotta*)
Your majesty is better, that is clear.
Sleep and the healing air do much for one.
His majesty?
CARLOTTA— So weak he scarce can move.
What is the ailment?
BASCH— 'Tis a sort of fever
CARLOTTA—No more?
BASCH— And over-work, excitement—
CARLOTTA— Yes?
BASCH—Of course the worry
CARLOTTA— Is that all good Doctor?
BASCH—If he could take a rest at Orizaba,
Or breathe the liberal breezes of the sea—
He would recover—
CARLOTTA— That's impossible
This government would topple to the fall—
But might I ask the symptoms if some one
Should mix a tasteless poison with our food—
Would that account?
BASCH— Not that or any poison—
You need not think of that.
CARLOTTA— Why do you say so?

BASCH—There's no such symptoms in the diagnosis
Put this from mind, for if you harbor it
'Twill grow in thought. Endeavor to avoid
Excitement and be in the open air
Your majesty shall drive?
CARLOTTA— The troops depart!
BASCH—Quite true. Then walk along the balcony—
Courage, your majesty. For time o'er-masters
Our little physic and restores the soul
To harmony. His majesty must have
Some stimulant to buoy him through to-day—
I leave him these.
(*Josefa opens the box and takes one of the capsules*)
Your majesty may try them.
I'll call again to-day. (*Aside to Josefa*)
Attend her closely.
(Exit)
CARLOTTA—He seems the soul of honor. Yet Josefa
He asked if I shall drive to-day, indeed
When all the French are rushing for the port,
And hatred brews.
(*A distant drum is heard*)
That is the fatal beat—
The tatoo of Napoleon! If dishonor—
Meets with its expiation in this world—
How shall Napoleon suffer—Traitorous wretch!
JOSEFA—Your majesty let's walk the balcony—
CARLOTTA—Not I—How works that medicine?
JOSEFA— It livens.
CARLOTTA—And yet because his majesty and I
Alike feel this debility, the cause
Should be the same. But can I trust no one?
JOSEFA—(*Falling to her knees*) Myself 'till death.
CARLOTTA— I know it, kindest heart.
Ah good Josefa there my child and princess—
Your father also was an emperor—

He suffered too. And you may be an empress—
But when the tempter holds the robe of power
And with a gallant smile doth lift it up
To place it on your shoulders, turn away—
He seeks to snare your soul.
JOSEFA— Is it ambition?
CARLOTTA—Ah yes Josefa it is but ambition—
The doves of peace are still at Miramar.
But youth is gone—Oh tragic consequence!
When the sweet buds that hallowed all the air
Wither and fall in mire—Oh noble father
Whose memory is now the world's—Avert
Thy vision from me, nor behold thy child
So fallen, so pierced with sorrow—
JOSEFA— God preserve you!
CARLOTTA—Not knowing what the day may bring to us—
I must remember you with something I
Have worn
JOSEFA— Your love—
CARLOTTA— That now is yours.
JOSEFA— Ah then
Keep me in memory as the native princess—
Who of all hearts in Mexico was truest
And loved your majesty.
CARLOTTA— No I will give you
Something to cherish in the days to come—
When these poor hands perhaps are fallen to dust
Which looking at you'll say with tears of love—
Unhappy Charlotte empress of Mexico
Gave me these pearls.
(*She offers Josefa a strand of pearls*)
JOSEFA— Ah no your majesty.
CARLOTTA—You are the first in Mexico to shut
The palm against a gift. His majesty
Has played the Timon to the very gutters
With medals to the French and palaces

To generals and diamonds for their wives.
Money to Indians, Mexicans and Spaniards
To buy the love of sycophants and thieves.
Only Mejia and yourself Josefa
Less honored than the rest are faithfullest.
Out of my heart I give these pearls to you—
To recognize your love and speak my own.
How prettily they hang about your neck
JOSEFA—Forgive me— (Enter *Maximilian*)
CARLOTTA—(*To him*) Josefa will not take the pearls—
MAXIMILIAN—I gave your majesty.
CARLOTTA—(*With sudden realization*) Josefa leave us—
(Exit *Josefa*)
(*Aside*) Is this the herald of a mind diseased?
He shall not know.
(*To him*) I put her to the test.
She loves us for ourselves.
MAXIMILIAN— I trust her fully.
CARLOTTA—Nor did not with a greedy hand accept
This precious gift. Who else refused our bounty?
Josefa may be trusted, I have tried her—
(*Maximilian sits at the table.*)
MAXIMILIAN—Bereft of any council to advise me—
I plan and act alone. The city stirs—
The French depart. And Castlenau will seek
An interview and urge my abdication.
CARLOTTA—Spurn him my lord.
MAXIMILIAN— Is that your judgment, sweet—
CARLOTTA—Spurn him, I say.
MAXIMILIAN— On that I differ with you.
He comes as special envoy of Napoleon—
And by that token merits deference—
Polite reception, serious audience,
Perhaps compliance—
CARLOTTA— Fie! it is not you—
Who speak so basely.

MAXIMILIAN— Reason conquers us—
And to this suppliance of the emperor
Who can reply? 'Tis true he serves himself—
But not less true he rescues us from plight,
And gives us safe convoyance from a land
Which hates us—which I hate—
CARLOTTA— An added reason—
For you to grind this people to submission.
'Twas I who wooed you to this kingly task,
And held you firmly to the twin ideals
Of power and glory. Now the crisis springs.
Still do I bear aloft the spotless banner—
Of empire. We will keep the crown!
MAXIMILIAN— And how?
CARLOTTA—State policies are like the kites we fly
They must be strung to earth. When severed from it
They dive and fall. If you would but abandon—
The tender heart of equity. Be stern
Be bold, be brave and yes to instance it
Punish such foes as Madam Mariscali
Whom you released from prison.
MAXIMILIAN— But Bazaine
Requested her parole.
CARLOTTA— Ah Maximilian—
"Beware Bazaine, beware the treacherous Lopez"
Are you not warned?
MAXIMILIAN— Who can be wholly wise
Pulled every way at once? I bow to fate.
For if the Mexicans desired the throne
All things were possible, but as it is
I abdicate!
CARLOTTA—(*Greatly agitated*) You abdicate! Sweet heaven—
Sustain my heart! You abdicate! We fly—
What peaceful haven welcomes you and me?
America? there's bitter hell for us—

Or Belgium, let's seek the quiet grave?
Or France? avaunt thou basest degradation!
Or Austria, your brother's door is shut.
What exiles we, what wanderers on the earth.
MAXIMILIAN—Since you persist, who'll fill the treasury?
CARLOTTA—Is it for money? Sell my plate and jewels.
Is it for money? Seize the revenues
Napoleon forfeits by his breach with you.
Is it for money? Then debauch the church—
Restore their lands.
MAXIMILIAN— Is it my wife that speaks?
CARLOTTA—'Tis Leopold, my father.
MAXIMILIAN— Very well—
Where is the army, yes, even the troops
To hold the revenues of Vera Cruz?
CARLOTTA—We have the Austrian and the Belgians armies
And there's the French who took the oath for you—
They'll not return to France. Two things alone—
Gold and the sword—Then crush the president—
We need not fear America, for when
The Mexican republic is no more
Its recognition falls. Nor will it stir
To block an empire which supports itself
Without the help of France or any power—
Can I not move you prince? Does all my fire
Expire upon the flint? Yes, if you wish it,
I'll go to Europe?
MAXIMILIAN— Speak no more Carlotta—
CARLOTTA—The scion of a royal house shall bend
At France's throne and on degraded knees
Do supplications to the dancing man
With waxed mustachios, the feeble spawn
Of Jacobites. I'll go to Austria
And sue for grace low bowing to your brother
Who with indecent haste out-witted you

Of all your royal rights at Miramar.
I'll wend my weary steps to Belgium
And hear my father sighing from the tomb
With helpless grief for this our tragic need.
I'll go to Rome to see the Holy Father
A timorous opportunist sapped by time,
Advancing by retreats and going east
By sailing west, no longer bold and strong
As in the ancient days. All this I'll do—
Yes, if Napoleon does not poison me—
Only to learn the problem is with us—
And by none other can be solved
MAXIMILIAN— Alas!
Not that, dear wife, such stress is not for you.
CARLOTTA—Then put this abdication out of mind.
(Enter *a lackey conducting Miramon and Salm-Salm.*)
There's Miramon a friend, I know a friend.
Use him, my lord!
(*To them*) I'm glad to see you both—
MIRAMON—The French have all collected in the city
CARLOTTA—Like all the blood collected in the heart.
MIRAMON—The veins are shriveled. Yes that it should be!
Filled now with blood of Dogs; the Liberals
Invest San Luis, now their capital.
Queretaro and all the northern cities
Are in their hands; Puebla to the south.
They make occasion of the French departure
And Escobedo at Queretaro
Protects San Luis.
CARLOTTA— That's the head; Strike it
And let the tail whip harmless in the grass.
SALM—My hand and heart to that.
MIRAMON— The message comes—
But now! And by the God, we love, I swear—
If but your majesties will lend a hand

Mejia and myself will raise an army—
Which spite of fate will crush the president
MAXIMILIAN—The treasury is empty—
CARLOTTA— Let him speak!
MIRAMON—I know a spring that gurgles underground,
Open and let it flow.
CARLOTTA— I know the spring!
MIRAMON—His majesty alone can open it.
MAXIMILIAN—When I was rich in friends and revenues
And panoplied in power I did refuse;
Nor shall my mind be suited to my need—
Still I refuse—
CARLOTTA— Go, Miramon, at once
See Labastida, find what he can do.
Precision sir, we want the very figures.
How much of gold to buy the church's lands,
How many men the capitol can spare—
MIRAMON—One thing remains—a leader—
CARLOTTA— Why yourself—
Once president and still the people's idol.
MIRAMON—When I was president I led the army—
His majesty must do it.
CARLOTTA— I refuse.
MAXIMILIAN—(*To Carlotta*) Your syllogism ends.
MIRAMON— Nay more than that |
His majesty must throw himself completely
Upon the loyal souls of Mexico—
And leave the Austrian and Belgian troops
To guard the imperial city.
CARLOTTA— Sir, the reason?
MIRAMON—Distrust thrives 'twixt the people and the throne,
They fear the future. In the storm collecting
They doubt the course his majesty will take.
For as the clericals were turned away—
As even French and Liberals joined the council,

They will not brook dependence in the future
On foreign aid. But ah, his majesty
Can win the ardent hearts of Mexico
On horse, with sword in hand; And they will follow,
Knowing his majesty has cast the die,
And cannot sit upon a throne of peace
Until the Mexican republic lies
Collapsed between his hands like a balloon,
So long to chase elusive
CARLOTTA— I refuse!
MAXIMILIAN—On horse with sword in hand like Charles the Fifth!
It is the soldier and the orator
Who thrills my soul with reason's sweetest music—
'Tis I, whose corporal presence must subdue
A traitorous people, visibly to do it—
And by the boldness of my face to blanch—
The Liberal cheek. Myself to win the throne,
And in the act draw over admiration—
To my imperial worth.

(*Carlotta staggers*)

SALM— Her majesty!

(*He catches her and helps her to a chair*)

MAXIMILIAN—What is it?

(*She revives*)

CARLOTTA—(*Wearily*) Take me away—I'm very faint.
SALM—(*Aside*) Can she survive the ordeal of the time?
MIRAMON—(*Aside*) Her mind.
SALM— Don't whisper it
MIRAMON— My heart is touched—
MAXIMILIAN—Enlist Mejia—speed the work along,
Queretaro shall see us in a week. (*Holds up a paper*)
Thus aptly do I change my policies.
Tell Labastida I have drawn the order
And wish to see him. Go!

(*Miramon and Salm-Salm go out*)

Mortmain restored!
Now sweet Carlotta smile, for at the last
Your counsel triumphs.
CARLOTTA— If it brings us triumph
And comes not to the sick, but to the dead—
Like some belated doctor.
MAXIMILIAN— It will win.
(Enter *a lackey*)
LACKEY—His excellency—
(*Carlotta motions the lackey away*)
MAXIMILIAN— That's Castlenau—
CARLOTTA— 'Tis he
In flesh, in spirit 'tis Napoleon
Whom we abhor; whom we refuse to hear.
MAXIMILIAN—Oh but the insult!
CARLOTTA— For his perfidy!
MAXIMILIAN—Let me receive him and with dignity
Refuse Napoleon.
CARLOTTA— No! you shall not do it!
We will not see the envoy. We deny
Napoleon's right to urge your abdication,
And to this rude gratuity we show
Our cool contempt. Come Maximilian, come!
MAXIMILIAN—This is against my better judgment!
CARLOTTA— Come!
(*They go out*)
(Enter *Bazaine*)
BAZAINE—No one receives me. Since I stopped the baggage
I have not been a favorite at Court—
Yet Labastida has consoled me much.
(*Takes a paper from his pocket*)
Oh magic paper, positive to gold!
And since I leave this ends my compensation.
For if he abdicates, the project falls—
And if he stays—but then he must not stay

But still a day, a week makes little matter—
I'll keep the army here and get the pay
Which Labastida promised. I could say
Napoleon holds the troops in Mexico
Then Labastida pays. But if I fail
To cozen him, still there is other treasure:
Six thousand muskets and four million caps
A million francs for these? Then sold to Diaz!
(*He goes to the table and writes*—Enter *Lopez*)
You are in time I see—good, trusty soul.
LOPEZ—His majesty may want some service done.
BAZAINE—So faithful Lopez? You are well converted—
But ever since fair Madam Mariscali
Broke on his majesty, your zeal has quickened,
And by the gods I think you'll be restored
To the imperial favor.
LOPEZ— You're unkind
BAZAINE—Her husband died, I hear—'twas somewhat sudden
Though not unlooked for.
LOPEZ— What a jest.
BAZAINE— I like you—
Hence my familiar language. Come my friend
You'll marry her?
LOPEZ— Why sir!
BAZAINE— And go to Paris?
LOPEZ—I'll ne'er desert the emperor—
BAZAINE— But he
Deserts you.
LOPEZ— Sir?
BAZAINE— He goes with us to-day—
He abdicates—
LOPEZ— Damnation!
BAZAINE— Then you'll go?
And be a colonel in the French army?
You'll live in Paris, travel o'er the world.

LOPEZ—When did you hear?
BAZAINE— I know it;—Yes I feel it—
LOPEZ—You feel it, well I question much the feeling.
BAZAINE—And why—
LOPEZ— Because the clericals have won.
BAZAINE—Who told you Lopez?
LOPEZ— Miramon.
BAZAINE— Sweet hell!
LOPEZ—He means to stay, he will not abdicate.
He'll fight.
BAZAINE— With what?
LOPEZ— Legions—
BAZAINE— Of proclamations—
Decrees of every hue, black, red and yellow!
LOPEZ—With Spaniards, Belgians, Austrians and French.
BAZAINE—I'll bet a million francs it is not so,
I'll stake my life he will not have a Frenchman.
LOPEZ—You seem so sure!
BAZAINE— I know it. For the French
Who took the oath for Maximilian, sir
Are booked to sail. They have deserted him.
I purchased them in bunches; hold them so
Like onions in my grasp.
LOPEZ—(*Aside*) Devil and wretch!
BAZAINE—And have you wit? Then fly while yet you may!
LOPEZ—Not I. One traitorous act is quite enough!
BAZAINE—They say the ghost of Santa Anna walks!
(*He goes to the table and writes*)
LOPEZ—(*Aside*) If one but shows an evil aptitude
The world will make him use it.
BAZAINE— Sir, consider—
The needle on the wheel of fortune points
Across the lucky number!
LOPEZ— But I'm colonel,
I'm governor—

BAZAINE— But then your term of office
Is well expired. For when the French are gone,
And with them draw the water out to sea,
Such fish as you will gasp upon the shore.
Think well of this, my friend. Here take this letter.
LOPEZ—'Tis not addressed.
BAZAINE— I know it; 'tis arranged
You'll find a messenger at my headquarters
LOPEZ—(*Aside*) There's mischief in this letter
BAZAINE— Will you do it?
Make haste (*Lopez hesitates*)
LOPEZ—(*Aside*) So for thy ill advice, thy taunts
Of bitterness I'll seek to find revenge.
(*To Bazaine*) Your excellency.
BAZAINE— And while you do this errand—
Consider well your future; hurry back
And tell me you will go to France with me. (Exit *Lopez*)
I want this Lopez; were it possible
I'd leave the Liberal army and Juarez
The sole inhabitants of Mexico
Save Maximilian; let him fight alone.
The troops of France shall not be used to wreak
Her degradation. (Enter *lackey conducting Castlenau*)
Indeed I'm glad to see you
But, as I said, be kind but quick with him.
You've had a weary trip.
CASTLENAU— My dear Bazaine
This place is fit for devils.
BAZAINE— Well we have them.
CASTLENAU—I crave to see his majesty at once.
'Tis but a formal matter to submit
My master's message. Nay, I understand
Their majesties in fact have abdicated.
BAZAINE—(*Aside*) If he knew what I knew. But let him try.
CASTLENAU—They only need to seal it by announcemen

To add the final touch.
BAZAINE— I'll ring
CASTLENAU— The lackey
Who showed me in announces me. So now
By fit appointments I perform my mission
And sail with you.
BAZAINE— This was a sad mistake.
CASTLENAU—And now our master knows it well enough.
What made it fail?
BAZAINE— America.
CASTLENAU— 'Tis true.
BAZAINE—America whose forehead is of brass,
And feet of clay.
CASTLENAU— Which licks the English hands
That smote it.
BAZAINE— Renegade to freedom—
CASTLENAU—The frozen spirit of the Puritan—
BAZAINE—Looking to God as king and by the thought
So drifting to the monarchy it scorns—
CASTLENAU—Despoiler of these Mexicans when Texas
Served as the stepping stone to California—
BAZAINE—But then the empire's weak. His majesty
Lacks action, penetration and he blunders—
(Enter *lackey*)
LACKEY—His majesty refuses audience— (Exit)
CASTLENAU—Shall I believe my ears? Can it be true?
Is it possible my master is rebuffed—
BAZAINE—Yes, Castlenau!
CASTLENAU— Slapped in the face, why sir!
BAZAINE—You asked what made the empire fail!
CASTLENAU— I go!
BAZAINE—Your eyes have seen.
CASTLENAU— But why this studied insult—
For even if he hates my master why?—
BAZAINE—Should he not show it? He's not French, you
know,

But of the serious stock which prides itself
On candor—You have had a taste of candor—
CASTLENAU—And yet I fail to seize its import.
BAZAINE— Well—
I'll see the emperor, I'll give the message
In language full of meaning.
CASTLENAU— No, I beg you—
BAZAINE—What matters it?
CASTLENAU— You have not been commissioned—
BAZAINE—Since he does so, I waive diplomacy.
I'll bend his will or break it, he shall heed.
CASTLENAU—You do not mean?
BAZAINE— He's fallen in the hands
Of priests, adventurers and black magicians;
He's listened to his wife's demented cooing.
Yes, Castlenau it means he scorns your master,
It means he holds the throne.
CASTLENAU— Get me some brandy!
BAZAINE—It means America has fed us dirt.
CASTLENAU—I taste it now
BAZAINE— But it means hell to him!
I've mined beneath him, lit the fuse myself—
I stay to tell him. He will abdicate
And save us. Yes extinguish the affront
Unborn but twinkling in the hateful eye—
He'll abdicate; or I will ruin him.
CASTLENAU—Bazaine I go.
BAZAINE— Then leave the task to me
He is perverse. And even from the first
Was clamorous to hold the reins—but still
The foot-man gave directions where to drive—
I'll play the foot-man. I'll be deferential
I'll hint, cajole, I'll play upon his fears—
Warm up his egotism—tent his pride
And touch the nerve of gratitude
CASTLENAU— I go—

Do what you will—
BAZAINE—(*Rings the bell, a lackey* enters)
I await his majesty (Exit *lackey*)
I'll not be long about it, will you dine
With us?
CASTLENAU—With pleasure!
BAZAINE— You must meet my wife—
Think we shall sail together!
CASTLENAU— That is charming—
BAZAINE—And to be back in Paris once again
To greet my friends and see his majesty,
And go to war if Germany persists—
At six my carriage calls at your hotel—
And lest you see the Emperor Maximilian
I speed your going—for I hear his step—
Adieu 'till then.
CASTLENAU— Adieu—(Exit)
BAZAINE—(*Looking after Castlenau*)
He's boiling over—
And now the crisis.
(Enter *Maximilian*)
Ah your majesty
MAXIMILIAN—Bazaine.
BAZAINE—(*Aside*) So cold!
MAXIMILIAN— You came to say adieu—
Adieu, Bazaine.
BAZAINE— In truth, I would not say it—
(*A silence*)
MAXIMILIAN—The army is departing.
BAZAINE—(*Aside*) That cracks the nut—
(*Aloud*) And hopes to see your majesty arrive
Safely at Miramar.
MAXIMILIAN— Sir, I forbid you!
BAZAINE—I humbly pray your majesty's indulgence—
MAXIMILIAN—What is the business, sir, that brings you here?

BAZAINE—My master thinks the recent turn of things—
MAXIMILIAN—When did his majesty commission you?
BAZAINE—Why, every man of France has a commission
To shield the honor of France.
MAXIMILIAN— You merely trifle—
We have refused to see the special envoy
Sent by your master.
BAZAINE— Your majesty believe me—
My errand seeks your majesty's well being
MAXIMILIAN—I ask no fulsome reassurances—
BAZAINE—I tender none. But this I do affirm—
All men perceive that unforseen events
Have made the intervention a mistake—
Yes, even a hopeless failure—And to-day—
Fate flying over trails the final thread
Which we may catch at and be carried out
From this deep slough. So as a man and soldier,
Devoid of power in this, with naught but reason
Tempered with love, should I not come and urge
Your majesty to abdicate the throne?
MAXIMILIAN—Napoleon may abandon his mistake
I stand by mine.
BAZAINE— Your majesty admits
The scheme was a mistake. Then very good—
Next is the question how to wipe it out.
MAXIMILIAN—I have a duty.
BAZAINE— Owed to whom?
MAXIMILIAN— To God—
And Mexico
BAZAINE— As for the Deity
I'm loath to speak. Of Mexico I may.
From every quarter comes the chilling news
This people hates the empire.
MAXIMILIAN— And no wonder!
BAZAINE—(*Aside*) What does he mean?
MAXIMILIAN— But when the cause of hatred

Has been removed, I'll make them love the empire—
BAZAINE—What is the cause?
MAXIMILIAN— The French; The Janizaries
BAZAINE—(*Aside*) God in heaven!
(*Aloud*) Yes, perhaps 'tis true.
Still with your majesty I beg to differ—
But for this army there is something due
To France; it laid the corner stone. And then
There are two governments in Mexico
America feeds one and starves the other
And forces thus the issue which of these
The republic or the empire shall survive—
With this regard the services of France
Deserve consideration when to that
Is added the embarrassment of France—
Forced by another power to take its army
From Mexico.
MAXIMILIAN— France has been paid
BAZAINE— I know it
But who will recompense her for the shame?
Or wash the gathered grime from off her laurels
Trailed by this resolution through the dust.
Yes I express my heart's deep gratitude
For all your majesty's kind benefits
Bestowed on me—with counsel I requite it
Spurn these perfidious clericals for when
They have obtained the object of their ardor
How limp and flaccid they. 'Tis on a sea
Untraveled filled with shoals and cruel rocks
Your majesty embarks, whilst all is fit
For abdication and a safe departure
Perhaps a future on the Austrian throne.
MAXIMILIAN— Adieu Bazaine
BAZAINE— Your majesty will pardon—
My importunities—
MAXIMILIAN— Since you persist—

Might I remind you that I have been privy
Of the wide freedom of your speech and conduct
The throne was warned—
BAZAINE— By whom?
MAXIMILIAN— "Beware Bazaine"
BAZAINE—"Beware the treacherous Lopez"
MAXIMILIAN— Yes you know—
BAZAINE—Have seen! It was annonymous—
MAXIMILIAN— Had I
Been cognizant 'twas you who broke my mail
French general as you are you should have felt
The empire's hand. 'Twas you who spread contempt
O'er my best efforts
With your going hence
There's hope again.
BAZAINE— Yes as the throne depends
Upon such title as the sword can quiet—
I am legitimate as heir presumptive.
MAXIMILIAN—Or as your master planned a coup d'etat.
BAZAINE—(*Aside*) That brought the blood—But I'll reserve the finish.
(*Aloud*) Your majesty refuses I believe
Perhaps 'tis well. I'll not prolong my suit
In France they say since Mexico is quiet
Since everywhere your majesty is hailed
By loyal acclamations, by bouquets
From Senoritas; since the very Indians
Think Montezuma has come back to earth
They say the army is a useless clog
Which chokes the genial intercourse between
The throne and all your people. So to work
Complete eradication of the pest
And leave no Frenchman in the empire's realm
To breed defection I have summoned back
Even the French who took the imperial oath
They sail with me

MAXIMILIAN—(*Aside, agitated*) I'll kill him if he stays—
(*Aloud*) Their perjury be on your guilty soul—
Leave me at once lest a too righteous wrath—
BAZAINE—I hope your majesty will keep your head—
The physical—one's hopes should be in reason.
MAXIMILIAN—I'll call the lackey
BAZAINE— And I'll butcher them
Your majesty shall hear. You! Emperor!
This project is an epigram of state-craft
A pun, a joke, a vulgar play on words
A piece of paste work of the jeweler's art
A palace built of staff of gilt and mirrors
That rain discolors, leaking in the roof—
A fragile tent enriched with costly hangings
A germ of life mixed by the chemist's skill
A death's head of great Kings. A corpse revived
By shocks from the great batteries of France
A dream of empire bound up in a mood
Of languid thought of unprojected vision
Great Charles the Fifth in wax with glassy eyes—
(*Labastida appears at the rear*)
MAXIMILIAN—Will you not leave me?
BAZAINE— So Napoleon's toy
Takes life and runs away! (*Maximilian rings*)
The Frankenstien
Brings ruin on its own creator
(*The lackeys appear. Bazaine turns around and sees Labastida*)
MAXIMILIAN— Seize—
BAZAINE—(*Pointing to Labastida*) The spy—
(*The lackeys approach Labastida*)
MAXIMILIAN—(*Pointing to Bazaine*) No!
LABASTIDA— Your majesty leave him to me
(*Motions the lackeys away*)
BAZAINE—Yes where's my money?
LABASTIDA— Is it not enough—

That thou revilest thy own master's work,
Bringing to naught the very will of France?
But thou must seek to lay thy smutty hands
On the fair vestments of the Holy Church,
And publish forth the vile deceit that I,
Archbishop, have corrupted thee with gold,
That thou shouldst win his majesty? Avaunt,
Incarnate elements of greed and hate,
I cast the curses of the church upon thee.

BAZAINE—Precious hypocrite! (*He laughs quietly*)

LABASTIDA— I charge thee in this presence
With selling to the Liberals ammunition
Bought with the dear won treasure of the empire.

BAZAINE—I challenge you to prove it.

LABASTIDA— And I charge
That thou hast in thy pocket of the fruit.

BAZAINE—No! by the gods, the money which you gave me.

LABASTIDA—So thou hast boasted. Well I do deny it.

BAZAINE—(*Aside*) What stays the bolt of heaven?
(*He starts to go*)

LABASTIDA— Stay Bazaine!

BAZAINE—What, should I stay to see you act a part?
(*He moves on*)

LABASTIDA—Thou art afraid!

BAZAINE— Of nothing—saving boredom.
(*Coming back*)

LABASTIDA—Your majesty 'tis true that Col. Lopez
Betrayed old Santa Anna long ago.

MAXIMILIAN—Your reverence!

LABASTIDA— Yet he's a loyal servant
In every mission of the throne. To-day
His excellency commissioned him with this.
(*He hands Maximilian a letter*)
And, feeling doubtful, he did open it.
Seeing its contents, like a faithful child

Made me confessor, so I bring it here.
MAXIMILIAN — My guns and caps sold to the Liberals!
(*He drops the paper*)
BAZAINE—Your majesty has dropped my letter. Well
Your majesty, I beg no explanations.
'Tis nothing, 'tis a trifle, I protest.
Oh! Oh! I'm overcome; say nothing of it.
'Tis somewhat soiled; of course the seal is broken.
'Tis crumpled by a multitude of hands.
But yet how easy 'tis to write it over.
And Diaz will not know the mail was robbed!
MAXIMILIAN—To think I trusted you.
LABASTIDA— So did Napoleon.
But will no more.
BAZAINE—(*With self-possession*) Adieu, your majesty.
Adieu your reverence—I compliment you.
I did not think you'd bite, at least while music
Was being played. Oh modern Mazarin!
Oh Richelieu and Granvelle mixed in one!
Thou art the church and state; the cabinet,
But newly chosen, never to resign.
And holding in your single person all
Relating to finance or foreign states,
The army and the navy, mark the word.
And as I see the cabinet has arrived
To go in session, I must take my leave.
LABASTIDA—Not all your evil power can wreck the empire.
The treasury has twenty million dollars
Brought by the church. And Miramon reports
Nine thousand men all fit for war.
(Enter *a lackey conducting Mejia, Miramon and Salm Salm*)
BAZAINE—(*Ironically*) I'm glad.
You'll need them. But this flock of willing sheep
Will scamper to the shambles. 'Tis a leader

Who's neither fool nor Judas, you require.
LABASTIDA—His majesty.
ALL— His majesty.
BAZAINE—(*Laughing*) Alas!
I've made the category and decline
To place this nomination; to you all
A kind adieu.
ALL— Adieu, your excellency.
(*Drums and bugles without in the distance*)
BAZAINE—(*Aside to Labastida*)
Were you in earnest? Faith, you acted well!
LABASTIDA—Adieu, your excellency.
BAZAINE— Oh lovely land!
Where each man eats his brother!—without salt.
Oh Mexico, sweet garden!—full of weeds,
Volcanoes, revolutions, haven of hell.
Home of the one, the only true religion!—
Of bread and butter. Rich, prolific soil!
That nourishes two governments—alas!
Adieu— (Exit)
SALM— But why this bitter mood I pray?
MIRAMON—Oh! hateful wretch! So we have exorcised
The seven devils out of Mexico. (*A silence*)
MAXIMILIAN—(*Looking at them sadly*)
Have I so many friends?
MIRAMON— For better or worse.
LABASTIDA—For holy church.
SALM— For empire.
MEJIA— Independence.
MAXIMILIAN—I give the church its lands.
MIRAMON— Then stands the empire!
MAXIMILIAN—Collect the army, bring the cannon out.
With sword in hand I'll lead the forces forth.
And with the sword I'll cut this tangled fate.
(*A noise of marching men is heard to the music of fifes and drums.*)

The French depart. The empire shall remain.
About the work!

(Exeunt *Labastida, Miramon, Mejia and Salm-Salm. Maximilian goes back to the window and pulls the curtain slightly aside. It grows dark.* Enter *Carlotta. Silence.*)

CARLOTTA—(*Aside*) My heart is drained of tears!
(*Aloud*) Ah, Ferdinand what curious sense has led you
To watch the French depart? 'Twould blind my eyes.

(*He comes forward and takes her in his arms*)

MAXIMILIAN—Darling, God keep you.
CARLOTTA— Go, lest sorrow weaken
The will you need.
MAXIMILIAN— God keep you.

(*He kisses her*)

CARLOTTA— Ferdinand! (*He goes out*)
Alone! (*She moves her hands feebly across her brow and sits. It grows dark. Then she rings. A lackey* enters.)
(*To him*) The candles! (*They are lighted*)
What a fate is mine!

(*Enter Josefa and kneels at Carlotta's feet. The lackey goes out.*)

CARLOTTA—Good, kind Josefa.
JOSEFA— God preserve your majesty.
CARLOTTA—I am alone! and weary! and afraid.
The crickets chirp so plaintive in the castle.
The darkness swarms with glowing eyes. So keep
Lights in my chamber, for the freezing horror
Which seizes me to see them, can't be borne.
Josefa have you done that which I bade?
JOSEFA—Your majesty I did, but is it well?—
CARLOTTA—Whether 'tis well or ill, I must o'er-leap
The present and amid these shattering blows
Know what's to come. Where is the witch?
JOSEFA— She's here.

CARLOTTA—Whether she trades with devils or with
angels,
She knows the future, as such spirits know
Evil or good. And since good spirits fly me—
I'll learn by the worst odds. Go then, but stay,
I would not have you leave me.
(*Carlotta rings. A lackey enters. To him*)
Bring the woman!
(*Exit lackey*)
We are like motes within a shaft of sun-light,
Coming from darkness, into darkness going.
And stand like fools, who peer within a mirror,
Thinking the sad reflect is that which lies
Beyond this glass of hope and fervent dream.
So hurrying to enfold the mocking shadow
The glass is shattered and the image flown!
JOSEFA—Ah no, your majesty. Our souls shall live
In some etherial realm of higher being.
CARLOTTA—Then if it be, 'tis thence my heart aspires.
That is the only home that welcomes me.
(*Enter the witch conducted by the lackey*)
JOSEFA—(*Aside*) But here's this woman.
CARLOTTA—(*Aside*) I should fear her, doubtless.
JOSEFA—(*Aside*) I do; pray send her hence.
CARLOTTA—(*Aside*) I'll talk to her.
(*Aloud*) You are the woman who draws back the curtain
Which screens the future.
THE WOMAN—Both the past and future.
CARLOTTA—(*To Josefa*)
How old she looks, bent down with mystery!
(*Aloud*)
Yes, even they say of you, you can conjure—
(*She hesitates*)
The dead.
THE WOMAN—Ask what you will

CARLOTTA—(*To Josefa*)
What think you of her?
JOSEFA—She fills my soul with fear.
CARLOTTA— But then you say
She's earned a generous fame in Mexico
As medium, clairvoyant, sorceress.
JOSEFA—'Tis on that fame I acted; Yet behold
Her hideous face! I fear your majesty
These wildest spells of hers might so o'er-master
Your majesty's best reason as to give
The form of truth to phantoms of the brain.
And Dr. Basch has warned your majesty
Against excitement. Send the creature hence.
Besides in truth what can this woman know
Of heaven's plans reserved for God alone?
CARLOTTA—I'll know the worst. And if this thing can tell—
I do not shrink.
(*To the woman*)
Proceed.
THE WOMAN—Your majesty
And I must be alone.
JOSEFA—Your majesty, not that!
THE WOMAN—'Tis so always. For else the powers which keep
The secrets of this soul, to speak refuse.
CARLOTTA—Josefa, stand without.
(*She hesitates*)
Go, vex me not!
THE WOMAN—Nor hold not an espial of this spell,
For I shall know and cease.
(*Josefa goes out*)
Your majesty
Would cast the future?
CARLOTTA— Yes, if you have lived
In Mexico, already do you know,

Despite such occult arts as you profess,
About the past and me. If you can help me,
In any wise, to meet the time to come
That would I have.
THE WOMAN— The power is mine.
CARLOTTA— Proceed.
THE WOMAN—Then with these cards I'll strip away the veil.

(*She takes a deck of cards from her shawl and amidst chatter and low laughter lays them out on the table.*)

For 'tis a lively spirit which controls
These seemingly unvalued bits of paper.
(*She laughs*)
How strange, at once they speak upon the subject
Nearest the heart—the emperor!
CARLOTTA— Good woman!
THE WOMAN—The force that ruled him ever was of man.
It was the spell of a malignant soul
Which held his mood. He strove to imitate,
To work a problem from a borrowed mood.
So are men ruled and so do they perform
A part not given them of heaven.
CARLOTTA— Well,
This tells me nothing.
THE WOMAN—(*With wide and horrible eyes*)
Answer this, I pray you,
What brought him here?
CARLOTTA— Why look you so at me?
THE WOMAN—Why, here to Mexico the spirit asks.
And with a solemn echo makes reply
From hence he never goes!
CARLOTTA—(*Alarmed*) What do you see?
THE WOMAN—Napoleon, Caesar, Frederick, Leopold.
CARLOTTA—(*Trembling*) Bring not my father here!

THE WOMAN— Your father, no!
The one of ancient days. For in these cards
The faces of dead kings arise and pass,
Imploring peace.
CARLOTTA— I pray you go away!
THE WOMAN—Will you not hear of him?
CARLOTTA— Pray leave me now!
THE WOMAN—Nor see him?
CARLOTTA—(*Clasping her brows*)
My head! my head!
THE WOMAN— For never more
Fond soul, I pity you, shall you behold
Your husband in the flesh.
CARLOTTA— No! No! Stop! Stop!
THE WOMAN—(*Pointing to the cards*) 'Tis here!
CARLOTTA—I'll not believe it.
THE WOMAN— Then I'll bring him here.
CARLOTTA—Depart!
THE WOMAN—I'll draw upon the canvas of the air
His face!
CARLOTTA— No! No!
THE WOMAN— I'll show you what's to be!
CARLOTTA—Will you not leave me?
THE WOMAN— See the tragic eyes—
Which sorrow, desolation and despair
Haunt to the final hour.
CARLOTTA— Have mercy on me!
THE WOMAN—This is the meed of empire.
CARLOTTA— I will call
The Castle's guards!
THE WOMAN— Poor queen you cannot move
Save as I will.
CARLOTTA—(*Gasping*) Leave me!
THE WOMAN— Will you not see
His forehead splashed with blood?
CARLOTTA— My head! my head

THE WOMAN—Here is yourself, beneath whose crown is hatched
The rusty wings of madness!
CARLOTTA— You are she
Whose guilty art has done it!
THE WOMAN— Holy queen!
Whose royal blood for centuries has fed
The dread anatomies
CARLOTTA—(*Feebly*) My head! my head!
THE WOMAN—Arise!
(*Carlotta stands up.*)
Becalmed with madness!
CARLOTTA—(*Waving her hands*) What is this?
(*There appears to Carlotta the counterpart of herself, a half-illumined figure or aura.*)
(*Quietly*)
'Twas you that brought this here. It is myself!
The shining, disembodied soul of me.
This is the thing the martyred Lincoln saw
E're three days fell he. Am I satisfied?
Oh hollow voice of horror, speak no more!
Away! away! away!
(*She backs away; meantime the woman takes off her shawl and reveals Madam Mariscali.*)
Thou shalt not grasp me!
(*To Madam Mariscali*)
Conjure this shadow hence! 'Tis you that did it!
What can my ghost foretell?
MADAM MARISCALI—The eyes that look
On vacancy, the chattering talk!
CARLOTTA— Who are you?
MADAM MARISCALI—Herald of madness! Messenger of death!
(*Carlotta endeavors to scream but is transfixed.* Enter *Josefa.*)

JOSEFA—(*In amazement*) Madam Mariscali!
(*Josefa endeavors to seize Madam Mariscali.*)
Help!
(*Madam Mariscali waves Josefa back and eluding her grasp glides away.*)

CURTAIN

ACT FOUR

THE court of the convent La Cruz at Queretaro at the right the convent with an entrance opening into the court. A view of the hills about Queretaro above the wall. Soldiers walking too and fro. Others lying sleeping. Enter *Prince Salm-Salm and a crowd of soldiers hurriedly.*

SALM—I did not see them till they fired upon us.
My horse dropped under me.
A SOLDIER— I'm wounded, help!
(*He reels; is caught by other soldiers and carried off.*)
ANOTHER—The surgeon!
ANOTHER—(*To another*) Your cap is clipped.
ANOTHER— It was too light.
ANOTHER—I saw Gollardo near the Alameda.
ANOTHER—And Escobedo with him.
ANOTHER— So they saw us!
SALM—Failure! failure!
A SOLDIER— Let us try again.
ANOTHER—It will be darker soon.
ANOTHER— But now they know.
ANOTHER—My blood is boiling?
ANOTHER— Shall we knuckle then?
ANOTHER—Or bite the dust?
SALM— But as we had the word
We should have passed.
A SOLDIER— Treason!

ALL— Treason?
SALM— Hush!
Who was the vanguard? Where's the craven wretch?
A SOLDIER—His name was Mendez and the idiot blundered.
I stood beside him when the picket cried
What ho, who comes! He must have been confused,
For on the sudden he said Enemigo,
Whereat the murderous fire belched in our faces.
He fell. You see my hand!
SALM— Go, have it dressed.
(*Sounds of musketry.* Enter *Miramon in a rage with the blood streaming down his face.*)
SALM—You're wounded, sir.
MIRAMON— 'Twere better to be dead,
Than fail in everything. Where's private Mendez?
SALM—He's dead!
MIRAMON— How many killed?
SALM— Attend your wound!
MIRAMON—I felt the curséd bullet graze my cheek,
One of a whistling thousand.
SALM— Did you hear?
This Mendez whom you picked to lead us through
Said Enemigo to the sentinel.
MIRAMON—And so we failed. Well, by the love of God
Two things alone succeed famine and death.
What can we do? Oh recreant General Marquez
These six weeks gone to bring us help.
SALM— Oh devil!
Who took our horses, soldiers, arms, munitions
With which to bring the Austro-Belgian troops.
And this slow siege, endured for near three months,
Whilst we behold his majesty's pale visage,
Growing more wan amidst the thickening gloom.
MIRAMON—But after all if he can't fight his way
To us what struggle must we have, although

Our forces joined him somewhere on the way.
My plan is best—to fly!
SALM— What else remains?
This ends the last attempt to send for help
In Mexico. The hills about are swarming
With regiments of Liberals pouring in.
There's not a vantage point but has a cannon,
And like a band of stricken Gauls we stand,
In this huge coliseum shaped by Time
Dying before an audience of foes.
A SOLDIER—Yes, and we starve.
ANOTHER— And thirst.
ANOTHER— And eat horse flesh,
Stricken with fever.
ANOTHER— Drink the ditch-water.
MIRAMON—Cheer up my boys.
ANOTHER— The fever's coming on me!
(*Murmurs of suffering and discontent*)
OTHERS—The hospital!
(*They carry him off*)
(*Enter a Sister of Mercy carrying a basket*)
THE SISTER—(*To Miramon*)
Your excellency bleeds!
MIRAMON—'Tis but a scratch.
THE SISTER— I bring his majesty some eggs
And bread sent by San Teresita.
MIRAMON— Bless you!
And have you eaten?
THE SISTER— Yes, a crust with tears
Sweetened by prayers for all who suffer here.
(*She crosses herself*)
MIRAMON— (*Picking straw from her*) Where slept you sister?
THE SISTER— Not where I'll sleep to-night,
I brought it here.
MIRAMON— Why sister!

THE SISTER— In the court
You'll find the straw ripped from our only bed
To feed the horses.
MIRAMON— Saint, I thank you.
THE SISTER— But
His majesty?
MIRAMON— (*Pointing to a door*)
SALM— You know! the other room
Turn to the left.
MIRAMON— The right!
SALM— His majesty
Gave up his quarters to the wounded soldiers!
(*Exit sister in the convent as they remove their caps.*)
MIRAMON—When was this?
SALM— Yesterday.
MIRAMON— Oh noble soul.
SALM—And now the plan postponed for my return
Must be put through to-night.
MIRAMON— For had Marquez—
Come hither through your help it might have come
To this same pass of flight. No more delays
If we can hold the emperor to the scheme
To-night shall see us safely on the way
To Mexico. But why his sad reluctance
He knows the seige can never be destroyed?
SALM—But then Queretaro has touched his heart
With loyalty.
MIRAMON— He fears for them?
SALM— Besides,
The wounded soldiers.
MIRAMON— This is fantasy,
A sentiment too sickly sweet. For Salm
The enemy would treat our wounded soldiers
As well as we. For differ as we may
Juarez is a man and 'tis his spirit

Which rules the troops we fear.
SALM— Alas,
These frowning hills about!
MIRAMON— The fault is mine.
There is no choice with us 'twixt true and false;
The careful and the ill-considered plans
End equally in failure. But you know
Mejia has been ready for a week
To make the sortie. Win his majesty
To fly to-night.
(*A great sound of musketry*)
SALM—As usual at the bridge
The fight is raging—
MIRAMON—Ah 'tis Lopez there
Who leads the Cazadores. Old Mejia
Rallies the native troops. The pass is safe.
'Tis oft the enemy has been repulsed.
There can they never enter in the city.
(*Enter Princess Salm-Salm hurriedly*)
PRINCESS SALM—Where is the prince—ah
(*Throws herself in his arms*)
Such horrors were related.
You live!—ah general you're wounded!
(*A shell bursts over them*)
SALM—(*To her*)
Go in the convent.
PRINCESS SALM—No! what you can brave
I brave also!
MIRAMON— You are a soldier—
(*Great shouting*)
SALM— Hark!
MIRAMON— The bridge is safe!
SALM— At least they'll rest to-night!
MIRAMON—
Then to persuade the emperor to fly
To Mexico and there in wait to lie

Holding the capitol against the world!

(*Miramon, Salm and Princess Salm go in the convent.*)

Great shouting without and Mejia enters amidst the cheers of his soldiers.)

MEJIA—

Well, boys the bridge is safe! We drove them off.

(*They cheer him.*)

It was not I who did it. Colonel Lopez
Fought with the ardor of Leonidas,
Your thanks to him.

(*Cries of No No—*)

Be silent zealous friends—
'Tis he who walks besides his majesty
Whilst the sharpshooters sight with careful eye.
'Tis he who through the hospital at night
'Till morning greys stand reverently by;
Whilst him we serve with winged prayers assists
The parting soul. My friends remember this—
Your thanks to him.

A SOLDIER— Shall we be butchered uncle?

ANOTHER—

Or starved to death.

ANOTHER— Or burnt up by the typhus

MEJIA—Silence!

ANOTHER— What is the use?

ANOTHER— We can't escape!

ANOTHER—

When General Marquez comes.

ANOTHER— He will not come.

MAXIMILIAN— (*Entering with the basket*)

He will return! Let not my soldiers doubt
The honor of a general of the empire.

(*A shell bursts near the roof of the convent, a part of it taking off the arm of a soldier. Maximilian lifts him up.*)

His arm is gone!
MEJIA— (*To some soldiers*) Assist him in
Turn to the right.
A SOLDIER— (*To Mejia*) The left! the hospital
Is moved.
MEJIA— His majesty's apartments.
A SOLDIER— Yes!
MAXIMILIAN—
The spacious windows catch the air and sun—
That inner room is dark.
A SOLDIER— (*To Mejia*)
In very truth
His majesty is one with us.
(*They take the soldier in*)
MEJIA— 'Tis plain
Whene'er your majesty appears they shell
The convent. Go within I pray.
MAXIMILIAN— And why?
(*Aside*) Oh for a lucky bullet.
(*Aloud*) Have no fear.
A SOLDIER— (*Apart*)
He covets death as much as we avoid it.
MAXIMILIAN— (*To Mejia*)
Here have I walked each day amid the bullets
And while death strikes about me I escape.
(*Enter Salm*)
(*To him*) So then you failed
SALM— We failed, but his the fault
Who fell.
MAXIMILIAN— But who?
SALM— The vanguard.
MAXIMILIAN— I'm relieved,
I thought 'twas Miramon.
SALM— It might have been,
He picked the vanguard.
MAXIMILIAN— How ill-starred his plans

SALM—
Your majesty I came from Colonel Lopez
Who has in charge some traitors. At the bridge
They failed him, in despite of which he saved
The city, but his wrath is hot.
MAXIMILIAN— Mejia,
Tell Lopez that I'll have no traitors shot.
I should be poor in spirit, mean in soul
To punish those whom this gigantic pressure
Has weakened then subdued. No! go and tell him.
(Exit *Mejia.*)
(Enter *several soldiers ghastly pale. One falls on his knees*)
SOLDIER—We're starving.
MAXIMILIAN—(*Taking the basket*) Here is food. Go share it.
SOLDIER—(*Looking in*) Eggs!
ANOTHER—Bread!
ANOTHER—(*Eagerly*) I'm saved.
MAXIMILIAN— Be fair with one another.
(*They go to one side*)
How good it is to feed these starving men.
For ever as my hands grow whiter, Salm
My soldier spirit rises up in courage.
SALM—I've pleasant news.
(Enter *a soldier holding up the stump of his arm.*)
SOLDIER— Long live the emperor!
MAXIMILIAN—God bless you—ah his arm!
SOLDIER— Shot off!
(*He reels.*)
MAXIMILIAN—(*To the soldiers*)
Go take him in.
(*To Salm*)
That's food for me!
It touches me beyond the power of words—
How faithfully the soldiers stand the siege.

But what's the news?
SALM— Basch has arrived.
MAXIMILIAN—From Mexico—You saw him? How's the empress?
SALM—He will be here at once—and touching Marquez—
Brings sad intelligence.
MAXIMILIAN— So he is dead?
SALM—To honor.
MAXIMILIAN— What?
SALM— Let Basch relate the story.
His cynic smiles and sneers were proof enough,
To me he was a dog.
MAXIMILIAN— I trusted him!
(Enter *Dr. Basch.*)
I am delighted.
BASCH— Ah your majesty,
Your highness!
MAXIMILIAN—But how could you come to me?
BASCH—I swore that I would die to do it. When
I reached the Liberal lines I changed my plan
And faced the chief commander—made a breast
Of who I was, my business, I was searched
Found truthful, granted audience.
MAXIMILIAN— He's a man
This Escobedo. But of Marquez—
BASCH— Thief and fiend!
Who now disports himself in Mexico,
Turning disorder into ordered tribute,
He bends the people to a vile extortion.
MAXIMILIAN—He's failed us then? But can her majesty
Do naught to curb him?
BASCH—(*Starting and embarrassed*) No, your majesty.
MAXIMILIAN—You started!
BASCH— With thinking of her!
MAXIMILIAN— Does she live?
BASCH—Your majesty.

MAXIMILIAN— Her health?
BASCH— Quite shattered.
MAXIMILIAN—(*Lowering his voice*) Then—
Her mind?
(*Basch turns away. A silence. Maximilian sits.*)
BASCH—(*Taking a bottle from his satchel*)
Your majesty some brandy.
(*Maximilian drinks*)
(*To Salm*) Prince,
What rations have you?
SALM— Corn.
BASCH— His majesty?
SALM—The same.
BASCH— Prepare some.
SALM— It is gone.
BASCH— It is
The hunger which afflicts his majesty
(*Maximilian rises*)
MAXIMILIAN—Oh, had it been the will of heaven only
To sacrifice my heart, my mind, my life
In this inscrutable struggle. But for her,
This little girl, this princess without fault
To waste her spirit on the barren air
Like breath of flowers upon the desert's edge,
What cruel prodigality! Thou fate
Whose fast revenge has followed me to this,
Come haste the play and end the tragedy
And let the curtain fall. Oh Basch, Oh Salm—
Dear God, if thou hadst closed those tender eyes
Ere they had stared in madness.
(*A pause*)
But good Basch
Where is she, who attends her?
BASCH— In the castle
Her highness watches with a mother's eye.
And I have placed physicians with instructions

To minister alone to her.
MAXIMILIAN— I thank you!
One other hand she needs, 'tis mine. To-night
We make the sortie. Salm, go bring the treasure.
(*Salm goes in the convent.*)
(Enter *Lopez*)
(*To Lopez*)
You are well come. Where are the generals?
LOPEZ—At hand your majesty.
(Enter *Mejia and Miramon*)
MAXIMILIAN—Go Basch! the hospitals, I am too weak
To join you; give my soldiers tender service.
(Exit *Basch.* Re-enter *Salm and hands Maximilian four small bags.*)
The imperial treasure shrunk to this, my friends.
Your highness, Miramon, Mejia, Lopez.
(*Hands each a bag*)
Faithful in this extremity I give
All that remains. My heart's best thanks beside
(*They all bow*)
We go to-night.
MIRAMON— To-night your majesty?
MAXIMILIAN—The sortie starts at three.
MEJIA— We can be ready—
MAXIMILIAN—Then do so. Each about his proper task.
Fill well our firing lines with citizens,
Their musketry must hide our sortie. I
Shall have the escort of the cavalry
Under Prince Salm and Lopez. I retire
To rest.
(*A silence*)
One thing remains
SALM— Your majesty.
MAXIMILIAN—Promise if I am captured he who stands
Convenient to the task will kill me—
(*A silence*)

Well?
You promise?
SALM—(*Sorrowfully*) Yes, I promise.
(*A silence.*)
ALL— Yes, we promise!
MAXIMILIAN—My thanks to you. When all has been arranged
Return to me.
MEJIA— God bless your majesty
MAXIMILIAN—'Till then adieu—
(*Maximilian goes in the convent*)
MIRAMON—(*To the soldiers*) Soldiers, a word of caution:
The army leaves at three o'clock—
(*Murmurs of delight*)
Attend!
The sortie will be screened by citizens
To fill the lines made vacant by our leaving.
Therefore be not alarmed at unknown faces.
There will be firing by the dummy soldiers
To work our scheme. At last, when all is ready
File out and join the ranks. Meantime restrain
Your fear, if any enter here they come
To take your places.
(Enter *several women with baskets*)
A SOLDIER—(*Apart*) Heard you?
ANOTHER— We shall eat.
ANOTHER—We'll poach the haciendas.
ANOTHER— Think, a chicken!
ANOTHER—And eggs!
ANOTHER— Bananas, oranges—
A WOMAN—(*To Miramon*) You buy?
SALM—Yes, do we not?
A WOMAN—(*To Salm*) Of course!
SALM—(*To Miramon*) We play the game.
THE WOMAN—(*To Salm*) 'Twas yesterday you wanted musket balls,

And so to-day I went a picking. Look!
SALM—I'll take that basket. They are ripe.
(*Some soldiers who misunderstood rush forward*)
A SOLDIER— Melons!
SALM—Bad for the stomach!
(*The soldiers who have seen*)
Bah!
SALM— They hurt our soldiers!
(*To the woman*)
You helped us when our store of ammunition
Needed replenishment. These can be cooked
And moulded over. Set the basket there.
Your money!
(*She takes it and retires*)
MIRAMON—(*To a woman*) A good fine pounder; can be used again.
(*Holding it up*)
This is a symbol of the world, my friends,
Cruel and round and bloody.
(*To the women*) Yes I'll buy—
Poor, as we are, we have more coin than friends—
And you who helped us in our need shall profit—
(*Aside*)
Although we fly.
SALM— To fail is possible.
MIRAMON—When we should need them.
SALM— Then we buy the lot
MIRAMON—(*To the women*) Here's money for you all.
(*The women set their baskets down*)
MEJIA—(*Coming forward*) You did not fear?
I know these women.
MIRAMON— No!
(*The women retire, are accosted by the soldiers for a moment and go out.*)
But then at last
What was it that resolved the emperor?

SALM—Her majesty.
MIRAMON— But where?
MEJIA— Within the convent?
SALM—All reasons failed to move his noble heart
Save that he learned her majesty—
(*He pauses*)
MIRAMON— You pause!
SALM—That delicate reason broke beneath the strain.
MIRAMON—Madness!
(*A silence*)
Then to succeed in this.
(Enter *Labastida*)
LABASTIDA— A Council.
MIRAMON—We fly to-night.
LABASTIDA— 'Tis well indeed. But whither—
MIRAMON—To Mexico.
LABASTIDA— But Mexico 'tis said
Is pressed by Liberal troops, and all the way
North from San Luis where Juarez holds
His capitol, southward to Vera Cruz
The Liberals invest the stricken country.
MIRAMON—So have I heard.
LABASTIDA— Then why to Mexico?
MIRAMON—To hold the capitol against the world!
LABASTIDA—Your excellency jests. There would be reason
To pick a northward route and reach the States;
Once in America his majesty
May fly to Austria. For who but hears
The empire's dying groans.
SALM— No never.
MEJIA— Never—
LABASTIDA—'Tis not humanity that deals in "Never"
Courage, like yours, should find a better use.
The church performed its contract when it gave
Both men and money to this enterprise.
But when the army settled in this basin,

All then was lost; besides the hopes that perished
In the cold glare of empire, tardy spring
In which naught flourished. (*Exit in Convent*)
MIRAMON— That's a freezing soul!
Thus fail the friends whose friendship must be bought.
SALM—What does he?
MIRAMON— Carps and shades away his course
To blend it with the rising power—To work!
(*Miramon, Salm-Salm and Mejia go out.*)
LOPEZ—(*Looking after.*) 'Tis well you rally us to leave this hole
'Tis thanks to you that put us in the same.
(Enter *a woman*)
THE WOMAN—I think you're Col. Lopez?
LOPEZ— Well, my woman.
WOMAN—Here is a cannon-ball I bring to sell you.
LOPEZ—(*Takes it.*) Where did you find it?
WOMAN— Embedded in the wall.
LOPEZ—(*To a soldier*)
Here for our stores! Your pay!
(*Hands her a coin and walks away*)
WOMAN— But sir.
LOPEZ—(*Aside*) I know that voice!
(*He walks back*)
WOMAN— Will you not read?
(*She hands him a paper*)
LOPEZ—Who are you?
(*Aside*) The darkness screens her face, I know that voice
But cannot think.
WOMAN— Read, sir.
(*Lopez retires to the wall of the convent where a lantern is hanging and reads*)
LOPEZ—(*To the soldiers*) Patrol the entrance!
(*The soldiers who were walking go out*)
And you brought this message?

WOMAN—For special deliverance to you.
(*Lopez crushes the paper in his hand, takes down the lantern and rushes toward the woman hurriedly*)
LOPEZ—(*Holding the lantern in her face*) Who are you? Julia—
MADAM MARISCALI—The republic's widow!
LOPEZ—Dear God in heaven do I wake or dream?
MADAM MARISCALI—You wake, you live—through me.
LOPEZ— And is it true
That General Escobedo sends me this?
MADAM MARISCALI—At my request.
LOPEZ— 'Tis you, who speak—a woman—
Conjuring to my mind the thought of shame,
Touching the nerve of fear, the spring of hope—
A woman, you a woman with soft voice
Veiled in the ghostly darkness of the night,
And bringing here the loathéd form of treason,
Whose forkéd tongue licks cold against my hand.
MADAM MARISCALI—You strove to save my husband and I strive
To save you in requital. Do you think
It was no sacrifice for me to do this?
It taxed my wits to gain admission here.
But when I heard your name tossed round in glee
Just as I nursed the wounded and the dying.
And when they said that from the highest wall
Your corse should hang upon the city falling,
I said to Escobedo, write it to him,
I'll take the message. I am here you see.
LOPEZ—Your daring over-whelms me. Think of it,
You've crossed our lines. You're in our citadel.
MADAM MARISCALI—Ah but they hate you!
LOPEZ— Me, they hate me, Julia?
MADAM MARISCALI—They hate you for the past. They hate you all,

Mejia, Miramon, all Mexicans
Whose principles have changed. Who comes to-night
With messages to them? It is to you,
To you alone that Providence extends
The hope of life, because it chanced to be
Our souls were intermingled.
LOPEZ— Yes, I loved you—
MADAM MARISCALI—Nay more you love me!
LOPEZ— Yes! you know I love you.
Our separation was that undertone
Which yet subdues the melody of life.
To-night you come in such a puzzling guise,
Armed with the memory of a summer's day,
And ask me to betray the emperor.
MADAM MARISCALI—Some one approaches.
LOPEZ— (*Blows out the lantern*)
Come! (*They retire to one side*)
(*A soldier enters from the convent*)
SOLDIER—Who's there?
(*Lopez emerging*) 'Tis I.
SOLDIER—'Twas you I sought, his majesty is ill,
And sickens to the death. Where's Dr. Basch?
LOPEZ—Search through the hospitals!
SOLDIER— Why should he leave
His majesty for service such as that?
LOPEZ—His majesty so ordered.
SOLDIER— What a mid-night!
Where are the lights?
LOPEZ— Make haste—
(*The soldier goes out*)
Come forth— Depart!
Require my life but not this wretched act.
The emperor is ill! What am I doing?
With any soul, or under any stress
To hold debate like this?
MADAM MARISCALI— Are you apprised

The Liberal out-post has been moved to-night
Close to the city gates? Ere morning comes
The city falls.
LOPEZ— Then let me perish too!
MADAM MARISCALI—For him who lives? The emperor will be
A prisoner of war, released at last
To freedom. While the renegades who held
With stubborn zeal to him, will die the death.
Queretaro will fall in your despite;
But if it does, you know the consequence—
For Escobedo writes you. Rouse yourself!—
Is it a sin to save your life?
LOPEZ— (*Feebly*) Depart!
MADAM MARISCALI—How many helpless children, men and women
Will perish in the shelling of the city,
And to no use. At last the city falls—
Marquez has saved himself in Mexico.
Miramon and Mejia will be shot
As traitors. You as a felon hung.
The fallen prince will go to Austria
With all the honors of war. But if you give
The citadel to General Escobedo—
One change occurs, you live! Ah dear! but listen
Will you not yield? You shall not doubt my purpose:
Search then my soul, to you is nothing hidden.
The passions which impel my heart are two,
Revenge and love. First with this little hand
To wreck the throne which slew the General—
And next to save you.
LOPEZ— Julia, I believe you!
MADAM MARISCALI—You shall not wildly throw your life away
This is a mad fanaticism which
Recoils on you and blesses none. Between

Our souls the truth alone has been—I call
The spirit from the hour that parted us
When to the woman who had tangled you
And for the child I seized this love of mine
And hushed its vain regrets—
LOPEZ— Repeat the words
That day you sweetly said.
MADAM MARISCALI—Ah Miguel!
LOPEZ—Repeat those words.
MADAM MARISCALI— Quite softly in a whisper.
LOPEZ—No audibly, so that the inner sense
May fondly hear their echo.
MADAM MARISCALI— Well—
LOPEZ—Repeat them—
MADAM MARISCALI—Yes, I love you (*He takes her in his arms and kisses her*)
List!
(*Steps are heard. They retire again.* Enter *the soldier with Miramon and Dr. Basch.*)
MIRAMON— But Doctor,
What can we do, the army waits the word—
All is in readiness.
BASCH— If it be only
A pain to be allayed, by three o'clock
That can be done; but then you know the weakness
Attending this complaint. His majesty
Must now be carried.
MIRAMON— Nothing shall prevent
The sortie at the hour. Come on!
(*They go in the convent. Lopez and Madam Mariscali come out of hiding*)
MADAM MARISCALI— And so to-night
The imperial army flies! You yield?
LOPEZ—(*Confused*) But stay
You shall not go. You over-heard our plans.
(*She starts to leave*)

MADAM MARISCALI—Farewell!
LOPEZ— Julia!
(*He seizes her*)
MADAM MARISCALI— Remove your hands!
LOPEZ— My duty!
MADAM MARISCALI—And mine; I've tried to save you. You refuse.
You scorn my warning. So my other duty
Born not of love of you, but love of country
Love of our native people, intermixed
With feelings of revenge because my husband
Fell in the cause of Freedom by the hand
Of him you serve—this is my other duty
The republic's widow must perform to-night.
Unhand me! shall I scream?
LOPEZ— Not if you love me.
MADAM MARISCALI—But if you love me, let me go at once.
LOPEZ—If you cry out we shall be seen together.
Stay here in peace and let the sortie prosper.
Now I detain you, when the army leaves
You will be taken with it in my care.
MADAM MARISCALI—Madman! Your army will be dashed to pieces
Amidst the countless hosts about these hills.
I promise you that harm shall come to none
Save to the generals—the prince and you
Shall live, be free!
LOPEZ— Oh fate, oh time, oh love
Oh fear of death, ye dread conspirators
Who will not leave me in the path of honor.
What tragic means of retribution this:
That I who snared the Mexican republic
Just twenty years thereafter should betray
The empire.
(*He seizes the bag of treasure at his belt*)

Hence imperial gold!
(*He throws the bag down, it breaks and the coin spill*)
It spills—
Bad luck; the lantern. Let us pick them up.
(*He lights it*)
(*And sees with surprise*)
The silver! Marked as Judas ere I did it
(*A silence*)
'Tis fate.
(*He spurns the silver with his foot.*)
I'm yours.
(*They go out*)
(Enter *a number of soldiers*)
A Soldier— I'm dead for sleep.
Another— And I.
Another—'Tis better sleeping here.
Another— Than near the dead.
Another—The pantheon has ghosts.
Another— Keep still.
Another— Who's watching?
Another—Those yonder.
(*They lie down*)
(Enter *Maximilian, Dr. Basch and Miramon*)
Maximilian—I'm very ill.
Basch— Your majesty must rest.
Maximilian—What is the temperature? My room is stifling,
And reeks with musty smells. Some brandy Basch!
Basch—Your majesty
(*Hands Maximilian a flask. He drinks*)
Maximilian—I'm better, but the heat,
If I could rest here in the open air.
Are there no soldiers here? Ah Miramon
Bring out my cot—my cot and place it there.
(Exit *Miramon in convent*)

What is the hour?
BASCH— The convent clock struck two.
MAXIMILIAN—If but the empress were among the dead
Then might I die this hour—then might I die.
(*He walks to one side and steps on the silver*)
What's this? The silver that I gave to Lopez—
BASCH—What can it mean?
MAXIMILIAN— Where's Lopez?
BASCH— Was he robbed?
Murdered perhaps?
(Re-enter *Miramon with a cot*)
MAXIMILIAN—(*To him*) Where's Lopez?
MIRAMON— He was here.
MAXIMILIAN—I did not think. Who keeps this citadel?
There's none but sleeping soldiers holding guard.
Go Miramon and seek him! First arrange
The cot behind the corner over there.
(*Miramon takes the cot and retires behind the corner*)
I'm weak. I'm growing fainter. Help me Basch.
I must lie down.
(*Maximilian and Basch retire—Miramon emerges*)
MIRAMON— The silver! Can it be
A sense of jealous wrong was roused in him?
The emperor gave the rest of us the gold;
Perhaps he knew this; threw it on the ground.
But where is he? My soul is dark with fear,
The air seems filled with whispers ominous.
(Enter *Salm-Salm*)
SALM—Who's in the shadow of the convent there?
MIRAMON—Your friend, Prince Salm
SALM— The voice of Miramon.
MIRAMON—Have you seen Lopez! There is treachery here,
Murder or robbery.

SALM— Why, how you speak!
MIRAMON—This was his portion—look!
SALM— I passed him now,
With one of these peddling women.
MIRAMON— He's forgotten
His treasure.
(*Distant musketry*)
SALM— We are ready. Do you hear
The distant firing? In the darkness yonder
Mejia labors.
MIRAMON—But, the guards, your highness—
The cavalry.
SALM— I'll go for Col. Lopez.
(Exit)
MIRAMON—Oh, what a lethargy can come from hunger.
(*He sits on the steps of the convent*)
What aching racks my bones. The emperor
Has fallen in sleep. 'Tis well, I'll wait the hour
With open eye. The firing should be louder.
Ah me! the shame to slink away and leave
Our chosen fort, the blot is on my hands.
The devil's got us—had us from the first—
(*Sound of marching men*)
Ah—him—
(*He yawns*)
But then you know! So soon, Mejia?
Good, faithful Tomasito—Lopez!
(*He sleeps.* Enter *a crowd of soldiers who pick up the guns of those lying asleep, also unstrapping and taking swords, including that of Miramon. After doing so they pass out.* Enter *an officer and three soldiers.*)
OFFICER—(*Looks around*) None!
The others you have turned toward the convent.
Behind each cannon let a soldier stand.
Just at the moment have the taper ready,

Fire if I order.

(*They go out*)

(Enter *Lopez*)

LOPEZ— Yet there is time to do it.
The emperor is there in calm repose
Unconscious of the hovering destiny.
The cavalry is waiting at the gate.
I'll fly and tell him all. I'll rescue him.

(*He hurries to the steps of the convent and falls into Miramon.*)

MIRAMON—(*Asleep*) There! save the emperor!
LOPEZ— Prophetic devil!
MIRAMON—My wife and little children left alone—
You smear your hands with blood—

(*Deeper*)

with blood.

(*His voice is choked with tears. Lopez shrinks away*)

LOPEZ—(*Aside*) Abhorrent dreams! Yet does he feign this talk?
MIRAMON—A drink! a drink; I'll fight until I drop—
LOPEZ—(*Approaching again*) He dreams indeed!
MIRAMON— Lopez the bridge! Stand back!
His majesty so pale but resolute—
LOPEZ—I'll pass him cautiously.

(*He starts forward, when a loud voice is heard exclaiming "my sword, my sword," and enter from the rear a French captain with a lantern. Lopez retires*)

CAPTAIN— Some one tell me—
Who are these sooty devils? Who speaks Spanish?

(*He twists his mustache furiously*—Enter *a number of soldiers*)

Is no one waking? Some one took my sword.
The soldiers sleep. Is not a soul on watch?
A SOLDIER—We are!
CAPTAIN—Some one has taken my sword.

ANOTHER—(*Laughing*) But who?
CAPTAIN—Well, who are you?
THE SOLDIER— A soldier under Lopez.
CAPTAIN—Is that prevention 'gainst a trait of theft?
You guard! my sword is gone!
(*He thinks*)
Why lying knave,
I met your black commander over there.
How are you under Col. Lopez then?
Does some one crave a broken pate; a nose
Suffusing tears and blood?
(*He slaps the soldier with his glove*)
Draw wretch!
(*He feels for his sword*)
(*Finding it gone, he turns around*)
My sword—
You are beneath me!
(Enter *Mejia from the court*)
MEJIA— Silence! what's the matter?
CAPTAIN—These men are thieves!
MEJIA— No, they are citizens.
CAPTAIN—My sword is gone!
(*Soldiers rising from slumber*)
SOLDIER— And mine
ANOTHER— And mine
ANOTHER— And mine
CAPTAIN—
(*Seeing Miramon on the steps rushes over to him and shakes him. During the confusion Lopez slips into the convent.*)
Rascal!
(*Drags him up*)
My sword!
MIRAMON— Enough!
CAPTAIN— Have you not seen?
MIRAMON—I am awake!

(*He pushes the Frenchman away and sees Mejia.*)
What is the hour?
MEJIA— I'll call
The emperor. The time has come!
(Enter *a soldier hurriedly*)
SOLDIER— Why uncle—
A throng of soldiers pass the outer gate?
MIRAMON—What is it?
MEJIA—(*To the soldier*)
Go and send the idiots back—
Fifty may come; but send the rest to fill
The city's lines.
LOPEZ—(*From the convent*)
We are betrayed! betrayed!
THE FRENCH CAPTAIN—I knew it!
LOPEZ—(*In the convent*)
Where is the emperor?
MEJIA— Betrayed!
MIRAMON—Betrayed!
MEJIA— The troops! the cannon!
LOPEZ—(*Rushing to the door*)
Save his majesty—
There's time—there's time—where is his majesty?
(*He rushes about. A crowd of soldiers* enter. *General Escobedo emerges from the mass. The soldiers level their guns at Mejia, Miramon and Lopez*)
MIRAMON—General Escobedo!
ESCOBEDO—(*To Miramon*) Your sword!
MIRAMON—(*Feeling for it*) Who filched?—
MAXIMILIAN—(*Emerging*) The empire?

CURTAIN

ACT FIVE

A room in the convent of the Capuchins at Queretaro. The walls and floor are barren. Alongside the left wall a plain bed slightly draped. At its foot a door leading to a chamber. To the right of the bed in the rear wall a door leading without. In the left wall a door leading to another chamber. In the center a plain large table with papers scattered over it. Chairs around it. Miramon and Mejia discovered sitting at the table. Prince Salm walking up and down.

MIRAMON—I cannot understand it!
PRINCE SALM— No, nor I.
MIRAMON—The temper of the people may demand
The blood of Tomasito and my own,
For reasons obvious. The emperor
Falls in a different class.
PRINCE SALM— But stranger still,
Not the united voice of Europe's thrones,
Nor even America's more noble suit—
Can move Juarez's heart.
MIRAMON— And so to-morrow
At sun up 'mid the ringing of the bells,
Whose solemn clangor thrilled us at the ball,
We expiate the crime, whate'er it is,

But what I know not. Though the court martial
Decrees us guilty and the government
Affirms the finding.
PRINCE SALM— Keep your courage up!
MIRAMON—(*Groaning*) My wife and little children. Oh
the dastard,
The devil's spawn who trapped our citadel!
PRINCE SALM—He too has striven for your lives.
MIRAMON— Because—
A torturing conscience, like a bloody head,
Stuck on the bed-post, ever dripping blood
And leering with glassed eyes and frozen scowl,
Gives him no rest.
PRINCE SALM— Two hopes remain to you
The princess may arrive at any hour
With words of amnesty. She would not listen
To my dissuasion but in spite of all
And with an angel's energy and hope
Sped on to see Juarez. Then the other
A secret (*Pointing to his heart*)
'Till I see his majesty
MEJIA—And both will fail.
MIRAMON— Your Indian stoicism
I cannot understand.
PRINCE SALM— But think of me—
The princess three days gone, and where none knows
Who went to seek Juarez near the city,
Perhaps she's killed! Oh bitter, bitter thought
To me who beat myself against these bars—
Without conviction, but with ominous silence
Detained. What are those voices?
(Enter *Princess Salm-Salm followed immediately by a soldier.*)
PRINCESS SALM— Prince—
(*She falls in his arms*)
SOLDIER—Madam, retire.

PRINCESS SALM— I have a full permission
To enter here—
SOLDIER— Then show it.
PRINCESS SALM— But it is
Among my papers, in my room.
SOLDIER— Go bring it.
PRINCESS SALM—Mercy, for I have ridden eighty leagues.
SOLDIER—Retire.
PRINCESS SALM— I might have known I had it here—
(*Hands him money*)
SOLDIER—You call this your permit?
PRINCESS SALM— In Mexico
It never failed me yet. Yes, though it bears
The clear embossment of his majesty.
SOLDIER—In form and substance it meets all requirements.
(Exit.)
PRINCE SALM—What weary hours I've waited, watched and dreamed
Of death and you. And you have failed?
PRINCESS SALM—Oh Prince, the task was wholly past my strength.
You should have seen me race the Indian ponies—
For ah, no sooner had I reached the mansion
Where 'twas reported that the president
Was lodged than did I ascertain that he
Had never left San Luis. And alas,
When after riding without drink or food
And almost killed by an assassin's hand
Screened in a cactus hedge I set my foot
Within the portals of the capitol
A Spanish servant bowed to me politely
And laughing at my sore distress, perhaps
My wild demeanor and begrimed condition
Uttered the words—"He's in Queretaro".
PRINCE SALM—Queretaro!
PRINCESS SALM— I was too faint to stop

The welling tears. And then without delay
I traced again the weary road until
Queretaro shone twinkling 'mong the hills
And galloped to La Cruz, passed through the door
Fell there beneath the feet of old Juarez
And battered at his stony heart for life!
PRINCE SALM—You've seen him?
PRINCESS SALM— What a winter for my heart
So full of grief, so open to his frost
Who boasted that Napoleon could not save
His majesty, no, nor his generals.
And then he spoke of you so fearfully
"Strange that your husband fought with Lincoln's army
And then in Mexico stabbed liberty."
PRINCE SALM—That's ominous—we're lost.
(Enter *Dr. Basch. The princess sits.*)
PRINCESS SALM— A glass of water.
(*It is brought.*)
BASCH—(*To Salm*) Now bathe her forehead!
PRINCESS SALM—(*Surviving*) Thank you, sir.
BASCH— Your highness
Supports a heavy strain.
PRINCESS SALM— I am so weary
That o'er my blackest fear sleep stands aloof
And bids me rest.
BASCH— Then do so.
PRINCESS SALM— If I dared.
BASCH—And how's his majesty?
MIRAMON— Serene, triumphant!
BASCH—Your excellencies are brave. I must within.
(Enter *Carlotta disguised as a Sister of Mercy.*)
CARLOTTA—They searched me but found nothing.
(*She takes off her hood. They turn around and see Carlotta.*)
PRINCESS SALM—(*Startled*) Her majesty!
(*They all arise*)

CARLOTTA—I scorn to carry daggers, for they fear
To lay on me the bloody hand of treason,
While yet there's poison to do it. Still I fly.
And now the council sits. Well, what's the business?
Who sues for favors? Oh a hospital—
'Tis granted.
PRINCE SALM—All her life parades before her.
PRINCESS SALM—How low and sweet her voice, like lovely music.
CARLOTTA—And then the schools. But sir, no more of churches.
Let us be pious in our homes. I knew
They'd kill him! But my prince awake and strike
The villains dead, or else sign up the order.
Why for so small a thing endure the cage?
(*Looking about*)
By no means golden!—I have seen his brother.
Oh that was paltry business—spirit of Cain—
To shut the door so tight. But then my father
Keeps "Welcome" o'er the portals of his home—
It is the tomb, the hospitable inn for all.
PRINCESS SALM—What shall we do?
MIRAMON— His majesty should never
Behold this piteous ruin—
PRINCESS SALM— Break my heart!
BASCH—Is there no place to take her.
CARLOTTA— You did err
To dawdle with the time. Be stern, my lord.
Oh what a love my heart has given you—
All heaven can't contain it. Once again
Myself appears; remove the ghastly hood.
That is my face! And why the bitter speech?
Thou knowest well that I am satisfied!
PRINCE SALM—How could she get here?
BASCH— With the cunning mind
Which oft they have who are afflicted thus

She has eluded all who watched the palace
And note her guise, how well designed to fool
The guards who keep the prison; then besides
None knows her here.
PRINCESS SALM— How altered is that face
Which bore the stamp of noble worth and beauty.
CARLOTTA—Now we ascend the throne. These are our children,
Our subjects and the liberal throne pours out
Blessings and benefits. For I'm sure, Madam
This strand of diamonds well adorns your neck.
We recognize your husband's worth—Bazaine—
Was it not he who sought to overthrow
The empire? and, my lord, except for me
Who held you to it, what had foiled the wretch?
PRINCE SALM—Princess approach her and by following
The present mood induce her to retire
To yonder room; for if his majesty
Should enter here what horror might ensue?
Be quick to act!
BASCH— When she is safely there
I will administer an opiate
So that subdued with sleep she will not cry
Or talk and by her most familiar voice
Assail his heart.
MIRAMON— Yes, take her to our room
Mejia and myself on some pretext
We'll share his majesty's
PRINCESS SALM— (*Approaching her*) Your majesty,
Now that the business of the day is done—
Might I accompany your majesty?
CARLOTTA—Why have you changed your voice?
PRINCESS SALM— It is a cold
CARLOTTA—Yes, but Josepha—
PRINCE SALM— There is some one now—

PRINCESS SALM—Your majesty—
(*She takes her arm*)
CARLOTTA— Josepha, see to that—
BASCH—I'll go with them. Meantime let no word fall—
The priest who comes to see his majesty
Has learned her majesty is dead. In that
Fit ignorance let him remain; he will
In tender mercy tell his majesty
Who prays her death and knows of what we see.
CARLOTTA—I trust you—
(*She laughs quietly*)
Then I could not help my wrath
It was so unexpected, that embrace.
The ball was spoiled for me, and yet I laugh
But why not ride? You know the faithful Lopez
Stands ready to conduct my guards. I'll tell you
A tender secret; when his majesty
Last night was sleeping, I awoke and saw
His face so pure and boyish, rather sad,
And kissed him on the brow, he too awoke
And found me weeping—
(*She sighs*)
Ah, did you hear it?
No one can sigh more deeply—
(*To the others*)
Fare you well—
Tomorrow we'll consider of the navy.
(*She bids them adieu*)
But, oh, I pray you let them kill him not—
Will you do it? Will you do it?
PRINCE SALM— Some one enters!
He too takes Carlotta's arm, who goes to the room on the right with Prince and Princess Salm-Salm. Enter *Gen. Escobedo*)
ESCOBEDO—Where is Prince Salm?
MIRAMON— In yonder.

ESCOBEDO— And who else?
MIRAMON—The princess.
ESCOBEDO— And who else?
MIRAMON— That's all.
ESCOBEDO—(*After hesitating*) Go fetch him.
(*Miramon goes in the chamber*)
I'm sorry, Tomasito, you have come
To this.
(*Mejia does not reply*)
I understand you; mutely will you die
Without complaint. If clemency there were—
Then should you live.
(*Mejia appears lost in revery*)
But as for Miramon
His family will grieve; none others.
(Re-enter *Prince Salm and Miramon*)
PRINCE SALM— Tell me
What is my fate?
ESCOBEDO— Your guilt is shaded some
Because you were a school mate of this prince
Who played the dangerous role of emperor.
PRINCE SALM—If you but knew him.
ESCOBEDO— Well, and if I did.
Napoleon knew him and deserted him.
This Col. Lopez knew him and betrayed him.
PRINCE SALM—But each of us would die for him, if need be!
ESCOBEDO—Well, everyone will have the chance to die.
(Re-enter *Princess Salm*)
PRINCESS SALM—How horrible your words!
(*She weeps*)
PRINCE SALM— Her heart is breaking.
ESCOBEDO—It touches her, being so near at home.
But think you of the hearts that throb no more,
Upon whose dying ear the clarion lapsed.
Ah, yes, the suffering of your wife is tragic.

But who has grieved for widowed Mexico?
Who wept to see that precious blood effused,
When Mariscali died and with his blood
Sealed with a firm compact our liberties?
Oh, hypocrites and murderers who slay
A glorious people fighting for their homes.
Why do you whine when on your hearth is laid
The bloody sword?
PRINCESS SALM— Bloody it is in truth.
PRINCE SALM—Sir, if your mood is prone to be so stern,
What has the emperor done to merit death?
ESCOBEDO—He took a gambler's chances when he came.
Napoleon stacked the cards and gave them to him
And bought him chips and furnished him with guards,
To overawe the players 'cross the table.
And with the little winnings which he made
He sought to buy a sullen people's love
For all the flummery of monarchy.
And flung his coin among the craven French,
Who fawned about the throne they helped to build.
Whilst we endured privation in the hills
Nursing the life of trampled liberty
Which now defies the despot and the liar
And all who use the word imperialism
To mask the face of greed.
PRINCE SALM— Oh, sir in truth
You fail to read the emperor's heart aright.
If men could only banish skepticism
The scabbard maker would find work to do.
ESCOBEDO—We understand the spirit of the Prince.
The despot powers of Europe have conspired
To spatter lies upon the face of truth.
Satan's a liar and the father of it:
Therefore he sends abroad this plague of armies
Schooled in the arts of pillage and of murder,
To prop a hated rule and furnish forth

The means by which a tinseled indolence
May swagger in the eyes they blur with tears
Yes, they have filled the earth with lamentations
And plundered every clime; and Oh the fiends
How have they done it? In the Devil's name?
Sweet heaven, they have done it for religion,
For God! for order, for the good of man,
For fellowship, for liberty, for truth.
Tell me, why should we spare the fallen prince?
He who debauched the name of Mexico—
He who disguised the face of despotism
With fair pretence and wreathed it o'er with smiles.
Whose throne was laid on perjury, veneered
By the bright color of his private worth.
He who advised a vote of invitation
Held at the point of France's bayonets.
He who with cold idealism sought
To stab to death the spirit of republics.
He, who defied the great United States.
Who trod a path of blood to reach the throne.
Who dipped his hands in sanguine proscription.
Who hurled decrees of death at Liberals.
Who kept a patriot army in the mountains
Exiles for heaven's rights and heaven's truth.
Whose judgment forfeited my lease of life.
Who would return to Europe to become
A rallying menace of our liberties,
Hovering above us, ready to descend
If revolution shook the popular will.
He dies! And as for you who were adviser,
Patron and pensioner of the perished empire,
The fate is yours no less, although delayed.
PRINCESS SALM—Inhuman man!
ESCOBEDO— Oh, woman, for your zeal
I pass no judgment. But to show our spirit!
What shall I do with her in yonder room,

Once Empress?
PRINCESS SALM—(*Kneeling*) God in heaven, will her sex,
Not of itself, suffice to stay your hand?
ESCOBEDO—Arise, for when the Mexican republic
Descends to levy war on helpless women,
Empress or maid, let the republic die.
(Enter *Juarez*)
To-night the president vouchsafes the aid,
The purse, the heart, the tears of Mexico,
For hapless Charlotte, empress once, no more,
The ruler of herself.
JUAREZ— And so it is!
PRINCE SALM— The president!
JUAREZ—(*To Escobedo*) This is the prince?
ESCOBEDO—(*Presenting them*) The President, Prince Salm-Salm.
JUAREZ—Sir.
PRINCE SALM—Sir.
JUAREZ— You may release him.
ESCOBEDO— Release him?
PRINCESS SALM—Oh noble heart I kneel to you; I thank you.
JUAREZ—He fought for liberty with Lincoln's army
To free the slaves. He has a margin.
PRINCE SALM—(*Kneeling*) Ah!
Your excellency.
JUAREZ— I have no empty title.
To administer the laws is not to rule.
PRINCE SALM—My thanks, my thanks, too deep for words, my thanks—
JUAREZ—(*To Escobedo*) Of this dread coming of the fallen empress
Let naught be known.
ESCOBEDO— She's yonder in that room.
PRINCE SALM—In heavy slumber, for her sense is vanquished

By sleeping potions.

JUAREZ— Then if it be safe
For her to stay, so that the stricken prince
Shall know not of her presence, let her be.
But otherwise with proper care and form,
Adapted to her station, sex and sorrow
Give her attendance, comfort and assistance
Where it is best. And for the morrow's task,
Have all things simple as befits republics.
Let not the deed be colored by revenge.
Prevent disorder and unseemly noise;
Instruct Gollardo so. And as I deem
It proper to come face to face with him
Who dies, at break of morning, I request
All others to depart. And one of you
Tell Maximilian that the president
Would not intrude, but fain would see him here
If he desires.

(*They all go out except Juarez. Prince and Princess Salm-Salm to the room of the empress. Miramon and Mejia to Maximilian's room. Escobedo without*)

It is the people's will
I execute; it is the stern decree
Whose syllables were framed at Runnymede;
Moulded in words by William Prince of Orange,
And in the flowing ages formed of God
Until in living language it was thundered
Amidst the bells at Philadelphia.
That never in this western hemisphere
Shall there be Kings!

(Enter *Maximilian*)

(*A silence*)

MAXIMILIAN— You are the president.

(*He extends his hand*)

Men of our rank should be impersonal.

JUAREZ—'Tis nobly said; I grieve to find you here.
MAXIMILIAN—This is a brief confinement. I am glad
To meet you.
JUAREZ— Thank you. I'm relieved, indeed,
Of the embarrassment which stayed my coming.
For to intrude upon your privacy
Could not be justified. And yet despite
The comment that the action of the court
Transgressed the rules of war, I wished to say
It is the people; yes it is the spirit
Which overrules the course of polity
In all this western world, not understood
By men in Europe, whose remorseless sweep,
Like nature's laws, which cannot be suspended
Enforces what I sorrow to behold.
Yea what, had I the power to will it so,
Would not be done.
MAXIMILIAN— I clasp your hand in friendship.
May history do justice to us both.
Your premises were Washington, and mine
Were Charles the Fifth. And which were true, let God
In time determine.
JUAREZ— Can I serve you aught?
MAXIMILIAN—Pardon my generals. They but obeyed me.
JUAREZ—I cannot grant it. But yourself?
(*A silence*)
MAXIMILIAN— Well, then,
Since I was vanquished in the game of war
And you have given me a soldier's death,
I ask these things alone:
JUAREZ— I hope to serve you.
MAXIMILIAN—Then may your soldiers truly aim at me;
(*Points to his heart*)
And may my body rest in Austria.
For sir, this mind of ours, while leaping o'er
The chasm we call death, still glances back;

And with a loving thought regards the body,
So poor, so prostrate on the other bank—
Mine could not sleep in Mexico.
JUAREZ— I feel
With you in this. I shall observe your wishes.
MAXIMILIAN—I thank you, sir. Farewell—!
JUAREZ— Farewell!
(Exit)
MAXIMILIAN— He's noble.
Like some bald peak, around whose sovereign head
The cold clear air reposes. Yet so stern,
As I should be were it a task of duty
(*He sits at the table and writes.* Enter *two soldiers. One approaches him with mock servility carrying a pillow with a paper crown upon it*)
FIRST SOLDIER—I was your lackey once in Mexico.
'Twas I who placed beneath the cushioned chair
The black decree. The crown!
(*He kneels and holds up the pillow*)
SECOND SOLDIER— It is refused.
Then may we say the prince has been converted.
(*He kneels*)
I was your lackey once in Mexico.
'Twas I who placed beneath the cushioned chair
The proclamation of the president.
And now receive the declaration writ
By Jefferson.
FIRST SOLDIER—(*Mocking him*) Juarez is no more.
SECOND SOLDIER—The Mexican republic has collapsed.
FIRST SOLDIER—Only brigands resist the emperor.
(Enters *from Maximilian's room a priest and sees what is being done.*)
PRIEST—For shame! I bid you stop. Go hence at once!
(*The soldiers go out*)

MAXIMILIAN—I thank you father. But how strange! my
comrades
Came to my chamber.
PRIEST— I have learned the reason.
To take the sacrament with your majesty
Was their desire.
MAXIMILIAN— Already I had done so!
PRIEST—To them but even now I did administer
Those solemn rites.
MAXIMILIAN— If only we together
Had, as they wished, received them. Kindest father,
I note the absence of the archbishop.
Why has not Labastida come?
PRIEST— He's gone!—
MAXIMILIAN—So to win favor with the president
He lets me die alone, save for these hearts
Humbler but kinder. Yet in heaven who
Is over all? 'Tis he who was the servant!
Therefore I bless you for these ministrations.
Pray for me that this wound, which only heaven
Knows how to heal, may pass without a scar.
Not loss of empire, nor my sad betrayal
Moves me to-night. It is the thought of her
Whose gentle mind was wrecked by Mexico
That makes the minutes flag behind despair.
PRIEST—Then were the empress dead—
MAXIMILIAN— If she were dead!
So nevermore to feel the cruel thorns
That grew so thickly by the path she trod.
For now I leave her in this world alone,
Yea in this land of foes, while otherwise
I soon should join her there. I was but writing—
My poor Carlotta, if God shall permit
Your gentle eyes to read these mournful lines,
Then you will learn that from a hostile sky
The levin-bolts fell thick around my head,

Which shattered every hope. But you shall know
I faced with solemn pride the tragic end,
Died like a monarch, vanquished, not dishonored—
See that this letter reaches my Carlotta,
If ever she can read it.

PRIEST— Thanks to God,
Since that your majesty has made the prayer
The empress is no more.

(*A silence.*)

MAXIMILIAN— No more!
Oh, tragic news! I thank thee, God in heaven
Who set my sweet Carlotta's spirit free.
No more! then never more to struggle here,
Like some bright planet buffeted with clouds.
One tie the less to bind me to the world.
No more! no more! I cannot deem her dead
She lives, for me as ever.

(*He is overcome.*)

PRIEST— Yes, in heaven!
The love of Christ support your majesty.

MAXIMILIAN—I am content. It is the will of God.
This is my wedding ring. I pray you send it
To my poor mother the archduchess, here
I give my will for you to keep. You'll find
Some poor bequests to those I love. How poor
To grace an emperor's will. There's one for you.
Say mass for me when I am gone. My soul
Would speedily repose with hers. My thanks,
My thanks to you. Here are my comrades.

(Enter *Miramon and Mejia.*)

MIRAMON— Yes,
Comrades who brought your majesty to this,
Forgive us.

MAXIMILIAN— Miramon.

MIRAMON— My wife and children,
Sweet heaven protect them!

MAXIMILIAN— Answered is your prayer.
MIRAMON—Ah, God inspire me with that perfect faith.
MAXIMILIAN—They are remembered in my humble will.
MIRAMON—My emperor, you shame our small natures.
That man's vile heart should father such a deed,
To take your noble life. For what sweet heaven?
Why are the eyes of justice turned afar?
Faugh on that logic! There is naught but law,
They captured us, and as the leaping fire
Drives on the bullet, so we die tomorrow,
Yet on this barren field of common fact
The sun-light of a glorious thought is shining—
We die with you.

(Re-enter *Salm-Salm*)

SALM— No! for you may escape.
I was approached.
MIRAMON— By whom?
SALM— The officer
Who keeps the prison. And the bargain's made.
He wants five thousand dollars for himself,
Five thousand for the rest, with which to buy
The guards on watch. The money, once delivered,
A soldier comes with Liberal uniforms.
We put them on; we pass the door, we walk
Before the guards who counterfeit a sleep.
Four horses wait for us within the yard.
We mount. Put to the spurs. The darkness hides us.
MIRAMON—Yes, but the money. Where's the money, Prince?
They confiscated every piece of money.
PRINCE SALM—The emperor's draft on Vienna will suffice.
MIRAMON—We're saved!
PRINCE SALM— Your majesty approves?
MAXIMILIAN— I'll draw the draft.

(*He writes*)

MIRAMON—We're saved!

MEJIA—They'll take the draft and then betray.
PRINCE SALM—Your majesty must execute a protest
To stop the draft, if they should break their word.
MEJIA—My emperor, my brother, haste your flight—
But waste no hopes on me.
MAXIMILIAN— Mejia, why—
MEJIA—I stay. My time is come!
PRINCE SALM— You spoil our plans!
MEJIA—Go, all of you, and leave me!
MAXIMILIAN— But I wish
To save you.
PRINCE SALM— Madman!
MIRAMON— Stoic!
MEJIA— I am glad.
For with the contents of these shrunken veins
I seal my life; and to these many years
Of war and revolution add the oath
Of sacrificial life.
MAXIMILIAN— Upon me then,
His emperor, devolves the sacred duty
To minister to him; the sacrament
Hath cleansed his soul for heaven. There remains
The human voice of courage and of faith.
(*He picks up a book*)
So ere we part—
MEJIA— The Greek!
MAXIMILIAN— Here is the place.
PRINCE SALM—Your majesty the dawn is near!
MAXIMILIAN— There's time!
(*He reads*)
" 'Twas near the morning now. So then the guard
With praises for his gentleness announced
The fateful hour, and turned away in tears.
Then Socrates replied, the gods be with you
And turning to the others said: How kind;
He weeps because he knows how cheerfully

I shall obey the mandate of the court
Just as I would not fly from prison.''
MIRAMON— Ah!
Who was this man?
MAXIMILIAN— The wisest of the ancients'
''Then Crito said 'the sun is on the mountains;
Some I have known who did not drink the poison
'Till late at night.' But Socrates replied:
'What childish greed of life.' Then took the cup
And asked the guard to tell him what to do.
'Walk,' said the guard, 'when you have drained the cup
Until you feel a heaviness of spirit
Then lie and it will work.' He drank it off,
And looking with serenity at them
With solemn voice requested: 'Pray for me,
That through the darkness haply I may fare.' ''
MIRAMON—I scent the morning air!
MAXIMILIAN— ''And then he walked—
Whilst all his friends were sobbing.''
PRINCE SALM— We must haste—
MAXIMILIAN—'' 'A man should die amid a solemn stillness'
The sage observed, and as he pinched himself
And knew that death was creeping to his heart
He lay him down''—
PRINCE SALM— Your majesty the draft!
MAXIMILIAN—''And ere he covered up his ashen face
With kindliest wit he jested with his friends.
'We owe a cock to Aesculapius
Do not neglect the debt.' ''
PRINCE SALM— Your majesty
The morn is near!

(*Maximilian hands him the draft*)

MAXIMILIAN—(*Reading*) '' 'And noble friend what else?
His face was set.' ''
PRINCE SALM—(*Reading*) ''This draft was given to aid
General Mejia and General Miramon

To fly''—Your majesty?
MAXIMILIAN— Will pay the debt!
MEJIA—Republic, revolution, empire, death—
We lost the game. For losing we should die.
Strike out my name.
MIRAMON— And mine!
PRINCE SALM— (*Aside*) Oh madmen!
MAXIMILIAN—My friends, may no extravagance of friendship
Bind you to me in such a solemn league.
Fly while you may! And let him, whom Bazaine
Sneered at as manakin and idealist,
Die all alone; and in that death to rise,
Like Socrates, upon the heights! And when
The murderous jailers come at dawn to peek
On fallen pride, on sorrow, on despair,
Let them behold the child of Charles the Fifth
Erect and ready. See the crownless King
With forehead diademed with resolution.
For with my blood upon this western world
I plant the seeds of empire, which my fathers
Nourished in centuries past. And they will spring
In armed men hereafter to avenge —
My martyrdom. So with the Greek's contempt
I scorn to ask my life. 'Tis theirs to do
What justice asks, what equity demands—
But you—my friends, the life of man is sweet—
So fly and leave me.
MEJIA— Never
MIRAMON— (*After a time*) Never
MAXIMILIAN— Ah!
You quite unman me with this fealty.
If in the years to come the world shall read
That two convicted men marked out for death
Clung to the person of a fallen king—
There will be tears and memory for you.

MEJIA—Give me the draft.

(*He tears it up*)

MIRAMON— The east is gray with light!

(Re-enter *Dr. Basch from the chamber*)

BASCH—(*Aside to Salm*) Her majesty reposes; and her highness
Sleeps near her.

MIRAMON— The sun!

(Enter *Colonel Gollardo and soldiers*)

GOLLARDO— The fatal hour has come.
The bandages—

(*He offers them bandages for the eyes*)

MAXIMILIAN— I thank you, no.

MEJIA— 'Twere strange,
When here upon the floor the pieces lie
Of what had oped the doors, if we had wished,
I then should screen my vision from the guns.
Let old Juarez keep them—he may need them.

MIRAMON—Long live the emperor!

(*Refuses also*)

MAXIMILIAN—(*To Miramon*) To you belongs
The place of honor.

GOLLARDO—(*To some of the soldiers*) Take out the two.

(*Some of the soldiers escort Miramon and Mejia out*)

MAXIMILIAN— Good Basch.

(*Basch kneels and kisses his hand*)

Farewell—my prince.

(*Prince Salm kneels and kisses his hand*)

Farewell—good father.

(*The priest kneels and kisses his hand. They all weep*)

Be brave. Arise.

(*They all arise*)

PRINCE SALM— My emperor farewell—
I'll follow you 'till death.

(*The priest holds up the crucifix and goes out,*

followed by Dr. Basch and Prince Salm. The soldiers go out and stand at the door followed by Gollardo who also stands at the door—)

(Maximilian walks towards the door, stops and endeavors to master his feelings. Then with a look of inexpressible sorrow he lifts his hand solemnly and says)

MAXIMILIAN—Oh, man! Oh, man!

(He goes out. The convent bells ring and through the open door and the window appears the city, bathed in the morning sun-light. There is a general ringing of bells, and now very suddenly, but with a slinking movement, Lopez enters, pale and nervous, he walks about rapidly in a distracted manner muttering to himself. Then he goes to the window and clutches at the window frames)

LOPEZ—I will not see it.

(He stabs himself and dies. The bells continue to ring. Enter *Gen. Escobedo who goes to the window, and not seeing Lopez's body steps upon it)*

ESCOBEDO— Ha! the renegade—
And dead!

(He looks out of the window. Enter *Carlotta from the chamber and goes up to the table)*

CARLOTTA—The bells! the bells!

(A sound of musketry)

ESCOBEDO—*(Not seeing Carlotta)* Thus are the roots of liberty refreshed!

Carlotta kneels, folds her arms upon the table and bows her head in her arms as if in prayer)

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